

THE CANADIAN FORUM

A Monthly Journal of Literature and Public Affairs



Concentration in Canadian Industry

The Liberals Go to School

The President's Bananas

Pauline Johnson

A Canadian



PRICE 25¢ YEARLY 2.00

Published by J. M. Dent and Sons, Limited
Aldine House, 224 Bloor St. W. Toronto.

OCTOBER - 1933

Vol. XIV. No. 157

THE HAYNES PRESS PRINTERS

COMMERCIAL AND
SOCIETY PRINTING
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502½ YONGE STREET TORONTO

Swiss Steam Laundry

ESTABLISHED 1886

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THE CANADIAN FORUM

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TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1933

No. 157

THANKSGIVING

LET us give thanks that the Prime Minister has discovered that Canada depends upon exports. If we keep him another three years in office he may discover that there is a connection between exports and imports. Let us give thanks that the hot weather and the grasshoppers ruined our wheat crop. If we had had a normal crop we couldn't have sold it anyway. Let us give thanks that nothing much happened this summer except a World Conference in London. We might have had another Ottawa Conference. Let us give thanks that it is only in the United States that wages are being raised. As the Prime Minister has told us, we couldn't sell exports if we paid decent wages here. Let us give thanks that the Radio Commission is specializing on French programmes from Montreal. They might be giving us Orange programmes from Toronto. Let us give thanks that the Canadian Authors Association spent a summer holiday in England. We have not, within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, enjoyed a summer in which we heard so little about Canadian literature. Let us give thanks that our Finance Minister balanced his budget last April. Otherwise his deficit now might be several millions more than it is. Let us give thanks that our Minister of Trade and Commerce increased our exports of stockings to Great Britain from 3,055 dozen pairs in 1932 to 19,295 dozen in 1933. Otherwise our 1933 total exports would have been even more than \$107 million below those of 1932. Let us give thanks for the riots and the upheavals in our penitentiaries. Our whole penal system has been revolutionized and modernized by the issuance of cigarette papers to the convicts. Finally, let us in Ontario give thanks that Mr. Henry is still Premier. We might have Mr. Price.

PROVINCIAL POLITICS

WE are in the midst of a series of provincial elections. What do the electors vote about when they go to the polls on these occasions? Nothing could be clearer than that the party divisions of Liberal and Conservative are completely meaningless in the provincial sphere, whatever reality may be supposed to cling to them in Dominion politics. This has been illustrated once again by the Nova Scotia elections where obviously nothing more significant was involved than the action of a discontented populace in hard times turning out the ins and putting in the outs. Even on

Dominion issues Liberal and Conservative principles in Nova Scotia mean little more than that Joe Howe was a fine fellow or Charlie Tupper had a loud voice. In Ontario the Conservative government will be returned if the brewers and distillers give it a big enough campaign fund for going wet; or there will be a great Liberal risorgimento if Mitch Hepburn can promise to abolish enough taxes and find cabinet seats for enough candidates. And so it goes through all the provinces. Yet provincial politics are full of creative possibilities. Think of what a transformation might be accomplished if a group of imaginative administrators captured a provincial Education Department and proceeded to make education an instrument of real democracy instead of being, as it is now, an expedient for giving the children of well-to-do parents a better chance than others in our competitive society. Think of what a material revolution might be wrought if another Beck should emerge in some province and proceed to apply to pulp and paper or to minerals the principles which Beck applied to hydro-electric power in Ontario. Think of what is waiting to be done in adult education, in library services, in town and regional planning, in cooperative marketing and purchasing, in the distribution of such necessities of life as bread and milk and coal. All of these are matters which come within the jurisdiction of the provinces. And in the meantime our provincial politics are what they are!

C.C.F. CANDIDATES

THE provincial elections which are looming up in several provinces make the question of how C.C.F. candidates are to be chosen a pressing one. Two men ran under C.C.F. colours in Nova Scotia and were badly defeated, losing their deposits. The comment of the *Weekly Sun* deserves repetition. 'The candidates should not have been permitted to run. From the returns it is quite obvious that they did not even have the confidence of Labour; and there was practically no effective C.C.F. organization behind them. . . . Candidates, that is the problem the C.C.F. must face. If there is no more effective coherent organization than at present, the C.C.F. name will be used by any opportunist with an axe to grind, and the C.C.F. will be discredited. . . . Half-baked candidates should not be tolerated. Half-baked candidates will destroy the C.C.F.' It is evident also that, in spite of its carefully debated Regina programme, the C.C.F. is likely to have a good many candidates and spokesmen, especially in

provincial campaigns, whose favourite proposals bear little relation to the official programme of the party. Discipline is a word which has an unpleasant sound to Canadian ears, but the need for a little of it in the new political movement is becoming distressingly obvious.

SOCIALISM AND DICTATORSHIP

ONE of the main themes of Mr. King's western speeches was that the socialist programme of the C.C.F. could not possibly be realized without a dictatorship. Similar charges have recently been frequent in England against the revived socialism of the Labour party, especially in view of the efforts of the Socialist League to wean the party from the inevitability of gradualness. Singularly enough, both the *London Times* and the *Winnipeg Free Press* have been engaged in the amiable practice of trying to make their readers shiver by presenting quotations from Messrs. Cripps, Cole, or Laski which can be made to look rather terrible when torn from their context. To attacks of this kind there is an admirable answer by the well-known journalist, Mr. H. N. Brailsford, himself a member of the S.L., in the *World Tomorrow* for Sept. 14. He points out that a whole-hearted programme of socialism is bound to meet with bitter opposition when a government tries to carry it into effect and that such government will find itself helpless in office if it cannot act with promptitude. It must, therefore, rally behind it an electorate so resolute, so conscious of the magnitude of the issue, so militant, that no opposition from King or Lords can hold it up. It must be able to deal effectively with delaying manoeuvres in parliament and financial sabotage outside. 'The interests beaten at the polls must not be allowed to frustrate the electorate by creating economic chaos'. This means that the first step of the new government must be an Emergency Powers Act and that it must further amend parliamentary procedure so that legislation shall not be hung up by all the leisurely devices of the nineteenth century. Such action is not to destroy democracy. 'We believe that it is our school, and not the devotees of tradition, who are trying to save democracy. But it can only be done by a bold revision of the whole conception of the functions of Parliament. We believe in democracy, but we see it rather as an ideal to win, than as a legacy that must be defended'. The whole article deserves to be widely read in Canada. Most of the self-appointed defenders of democracy in our Liberal party are confusing democracy itself with certain institutions which were found to be useful instruments for expressing the democratic purpose in the past but which are only means to an end and may need to be revised in our day.

KING vs. MASSEY

ANOTHER little matter to which we should like to see Messrs. King and Dafoe turn their attention in the near future is the distressing tendency of Mr. Vincent Massey to wander off from the true path of nineteenth-century liberalism. Mr. Massey is far from being a socialist, but he has been imbibing some of the heresies of Mr. J. M. Keynes

about economic nationalism, and these opinions are even more trying to our Cobdenites than those of the C.C.F. In his address to the Y.M.C.A. Institute at Lake Couchiching this summer Mr. Massey used the following words: 'The new nationalism will express a comprehensive and coherent policy. It is represented by the truth which Mr. Roosevelt expressed that the national job of every nation was first to set its own house in order. . . . The planned state, the nation with regulated and calculated economy, will naturally demand a greater degree of self-sufficiency than up to date has been regarded as economic. The new control of industry, for example, implies a control of exports and imports. . . . A strengthening of nationalism need not be a lapse into primitive barbarism but may be a realistic step towards a fundamental solution (of world problems). . . . It can be based upon the reasonable idea that a national unit can make the best contribution to the world by tidying up its own affairs.' The obvious comment upon this from those who are further to the left than Mr. Massey is to ask him for a little more concrete information as to what his national plan is. But Messrs. King and Dafoe must surely see that planning in the hands of a Massey, as in the hands of a Woodsworth, involves interference with the liberty and individualism to which they have devoted themselves. We are therefore waiting with interest to see Mr. Massey publicly spanked by his party leaders.

PRISONERS AND PUNISHMENT

AS a result of the publicity which has attended the serious riots which have occurred in Canadian penitentiaries in the last year or two, and the subsequent trials of the prisoners, there is a growing body of opinion which is in favour of a thorough investigation of prison conditions. A number of social service councils and other organizations have already passed resolutions to this effect. Whether a Royal Commission would prove very effective, is, however, a matter of some doubt. Two Royal Commissions have examined Kingston Penitentiary in recent years, and both published reports in which the administration was severely criticized, but apparently little was done to remedy the defects. Until recently most of our prominent prison officials—supported by our Ministers of Justice—have preserved a 'hard-boiled' disposition; they have consistently pointed out that prisons are operated for the punishment of criminals, and have declared that they have no intention of 'coddling' the inmates. Recently there have been some signs of a slight change of attitude. Recent revelations of the arbitrary corporal punishment, solitary confinement, and semi-starvation which seems to be part of the regular disciplinary routine of our prisons has stirred the public sufficiently to make the whole question of prison administration a political matter. In other words, unless something is done about it some of our politicians may lose a few votes. Consequently, the official tone has changed somewhat during the last month or so. General Ormond has published a report on Kingston which infers that there has been a complete reorganization. Conditions were rather bad a short time ago, but now all is sweetness and light in our prisons. Public opinion

should not be satisfied with these semi-apologetic announcements, but should press for a rigid investigation, to be followed by sweeping measures of prison reform.

LORD GREY

TO all those who were of military age in 1914 the news of the death of Lord Grey brings back vivid memories. Our Canadian newspapers who were so extremely loyal in whipping up the recruitment of cannon-fodder for the war in which Sir Edward Grey involved us have been unable to discuss his career objectively without passing criticisms upon themselves. They point to his heroic attempts in the last week of July, 1914, to avoid the outbreak of hostilities; but they quietly ignore the fact that it was his steady adherence to France during the previous eight years which had led to the clear division of Europe into two military camps between whom mediation was impossible. When the last great crisis came Grey tried to play the part of the honest broker between the central powers and Russia and France; but he had already so shown his partiality for one side that the other side would not listen to him. A mediator must have proved his impartiality if he is to be trusted; and all Grey's actions from 1906 on had been anti-German. At the last moment the British people discovered that he had so entangled them with moral obligations to France and Russia that they were committed in honour to participate in the war. These obligations he had steadily denied in Parliament in statements which were masterpieces of casuistry. (Fortunately for his immediate reputation the invasion of Belgium swept the British Empire off its feet and people forgot what had been going on in the last ten years.) Yet we do all admit that Grey was rather more honest and trustworthy than any of his contemporary foreign ministers. What a world!

SOVIET RUSSIA TODAY

A PART from the weather and the depression, no subject creates more lively discussion among great masses of people in all countries than that of the creation of a planned socialist state in the Soviet Union. And as this is by far the more controversial subject of the three, it is perhaps, a more fascinating topic than either the depression or the weather. Probably the efforts which are made by the more conservative or positively reactionary governments to counter any favourable reports from Russia by issuing anti-Soviet propaganda has the effect of helping to keep the U.S.S.R. constantly in the news. Canadians who wish to keep up with current developments find some difficulty in obtaining the necessary 'source material', as the Canadian Customs has established a fairly rigid embargo on all periodicals which deal exclusively with events in the Soviet Union. Our government is so perturbed by the thought of the dictatorship which exists in Russia and so upset by the lack of democracy in that unhappy country that it feels impelled to establish a cultural dictatorship in Canada which will prevent Canadian minds from being harassed by thoughts of the dictatorial and bureaucratic methods which are employed by the uncivilized Russians. We have just received the first number of an illustrated

monthly magazine, *Soviet Russia Today*, published by The Friends of the Soviet Union (P.O. Box 322, Toronto), which is an attempt to supply information which cannot be obtained, in this country, from any other source. The F.S.U. has fairly modest aims. It attempts to publish the truth about social developments in the Soviet Union, to expose all misstatement and false propaganda, to work for full diplomatic and trading relationships between Canada and the Soviet Union, and to prevent any armed imperialist attack on the U.S.S.R. This programme should be acceptable to all radicals and to most liberals.

AN EASTERN TOUR

AN unusual opportunity to spend a month studying social, economic, and cultural problems of the present day in the Near and Middle East is being offered next spring to a limited group of travellers by Dr. Hans Kohn of Jerusalem, who is planning to conduct a tour in Egypt, Palestine, Syria, the Lebanon, and Iraq. Members of the selected group will be given an opportunity to meet leading personalities in the political, intellectual, and feminist movements in the countries visited, as well as to travel new trails, see relatively little-known regions, and be introduced to the outstanding monuments of the past. The transformation of the East under the impact of western influence will be illustrated by observation of both the old and the new. Dr. Kohn is unusually well equipped to lead a party of serious-minded travellers. He is a recognized authority on Near Eastern affairs, being the author of *Nationalism and Imperialism in the Hither East* and *A History of Nationalism in the East*, which have already taken their places as standard works. Dr. Kohn has lived in the Near East for over eight years and has travelled extensively there and in the rest of Asia. He is regularly engaged as lecturer in political science at the Workmen's Seminary in Jerusalem, but has lectured widely in Germany and the United States as well. During the coming autumn he will conduct a course of study at the New School for Social Research in New York City. It is suggested that anyone wishing to apply for admission to his travel group should communicate with the Mediterranean Travel Service, 55 West 42nd Street, New York.

LIBATION

A little wine to soak into the sod—

My lady lifts the cup, and none demurs

Seeing her give the drop or two to God

And the full goblet to those lips of hers.

W. A. BREYFOGLE



THE LIBERALS GO TO SCHOOL

By a liberal

PORT HOPE is a sleepy village on Canada's Main Street, the Montreal-Toronto highway. Fast motor cars put it within easy reach of the politicians of Ottawa, the financiers of Montreal and Toronto, the industrialists, the merchants, the lawyers and the journalists of Upper Canada, the academicians of Toronto, Queen's, and McGill. Everybody of consequence in Central Canada drives through Port Hope at some time or other in the summer season, when the roads are clear for the Buicks and the Cadillacs to eat up distance at a sixty-mile-an-hour clip.

An admirable spot, it would seem, for the Chief of Staff of a national political party. Far enough from Ottawa to be free from day-by-day political troubles. Close enough to permit consultation with the parliamentarians on matters of real import. Away from the hurly-burly of the business world, yet within easy hearing of the voice of finance, or of industry, or of trade. A spot for hailing passing Persons of Consequence as they may be required, to halt for a confidential chat. A place for surveying the political scene with a certain detachment. A place for thinking and for planning. A G.H.Q. behind the battle lines, yet within sound of the guns.

By chance, or by design, it is near Port Hope that Mr. Vincent Massey, President of the National Liberal Federation of Canada, has established himself. In Batterwood House he has built an English country mansion which is splendidly located and equipped for week-end political conferences. Increasingly, one hears, large cars and small slow down at Port Hope and turn off the highway at the country road that leads to Batterwood, where their occupants confer at length with the master of the estate.

It is not only the politician motorists who halt to enjoy the Massey hospitality. To Batterwood also repair all sorts and conditions of 'liberals with a small "l"' (as Mr. Massey puts it), distinguished visitors from overseas, men of business, journalists, lawyers, preachers, and even professors from the universities. To his academic friends Mr. Massey has given a particularly cordial welcome of late. At Batterwood House they, and the other liberals, have been encouraged freely to express their ideas of government, even in the presence of the Liberals, the practical politicians. Mr. Massey, with a foot in either camp, has been doing his part to bring the two groups together; and has come to be looked upon increasingly as the man who might bring about a political revolution in Canada by persuading the Liberal Party to adopt liberal principles.

Clearly, Mr. Massey was the man to organize in Canada the first political summer school, on the English model, and Port Hope was the place for it to be held. There, from Sept. 4-9, met the Liberal Summer Conference, planned, according to the prospectus, for 'liberal-minded men and women of all party affiliations', who wished to promote that 'healthy union between precept and practice . . . which the depression has shown to be the essential condition of any assured progress in the future'. There, at nearby Trinity College School, but still

under the shadow of Batterwood and under the auspices of the Massey hospitality, the liberals met the Liberals to the number of 150 or so, and there they discussed affairs of state for a week. A Batterwood house party on a larger scale!

The tone of the Conference, it may fairly be said, was liberal more than it was Liberal. There were a fair number of young people of advanced views, or at least tastes for advanced views. There were young professors from the Canadian universities, lecturers, and listeners. There were a few of the staunch intellectuals of the older generation, like J. W. Dafoe and Col. O. M. Biggar. There were even occasional visitors who could be greeted, as one was, by a journalist who feared the worst, with the cynical remark—'What are you bloody Socialists doing here?' There were also a fair number of older, even elderly people, mainly women, who had been active in politics at home or who aspired to be active and who wanted to find out what it was all about. They clapped whatever was said, of course, and had a lovely time putting down incomprehensibles in their notebooks. As for the active politicians, they were not so numerous. Mr. Mackenzie King was on hand for the full week and Mr. T. A. Crerar spent several days at the Conference, and they were supported by a few other Party stalwarts.

The liberals were given every opportunity of making their views known. The round tables on tariffs, constitutional problems, unemployment, banking, and the like, were conducted mainly by men from Canadian universities, while the liberal academicians were also prominent among the speakers who gave formal addresses to the whole conference. Prominent visitors like Walter Lippman, Prof. R. M. McIver, Prof. Raymond Moley, and Sir Herbert Samuel also gave formal addresses, while the politicians took only a minor part in the programme. For a change, they were in the audience rather than on the platform.

A few incidents will serve to indicate more clearly the tone of the Conference.

On the fourth morning Mr. Floyd Chalmers of the *Financial Post* (who described his political views as typified by the hyphen in Liberal-Conservative) gave a well-ordered address on Canadian financial problems which was far too tolerant of the existing financial regime to suit the younger element in his audience. Shortly after he had finished Prof. T. E. Gregory of the London School of Economics arose to make his comments. 'Well,' remarked my neighbour, 'here's another paean of praise to *laissez-faire*.'

Prof. Gregory had talked a good deal in earlier meetings and round tables. He had quarrelled violently on the first evening of the Conference with Mr. W. A. Harriman, an attractive young business man from New York, who had spoken about the Roosevelt Recovery Programme. Gregory had poured scorn upon this whole scheme. He had also objected to proposals for economic planning and a greater measure of state control over industry put forward by the young Canadian professors. Almost invariably his arguments were against the interven-

tionists. He held the planners up to ridicule. And as the week went on he managed to make himself distinctly unpopular with many of those present—particularly the more idealistic liberals who recognized the urgency of present problems and wanted to do something about them. Unfortunately for them, they lacked his technical knowledge of economics and they feared his quick wit, so that they could not engage him effectively in debate. And there never seemed to be a Canadian economist on hand at the right moment to slay this dreadful English giant. So they had to suppress much of their indignation. They felt, I think, a certain frustration in the face of his lucid defence of *laissez-faire*. For where was a poor liberal to find shelter if not in safe and sane planning *à la* Sir Arthur Salter, in the face of the storms of radicalism that were raging all over the political world?

And then they disliked intensely his criticism of the Rooseveltian programme. They liked Roosevelt, what they had heard of him. He was a man who was trying to show that liberalism was not an outworn weapon. Surely he would succeed. Surely his plans were sound. Surely he was blazing a trail that Canadian Liberalism should follow. So they felt Gregory must be wrong and waited for Raymond Moley, the head of the Brain Trust itself, to put the nasty Englishman in his place.

Moley, it was true, spoke under difficulties. He was the prize attraction at a dinner meeting. But a gentleman from Calgary had regaled the assembly with much of his personal history, a series of anecdotes that smacked of the wild and woolly West, and some verses ending up with something about a 'Christian mother', in the course of proposing a toast to Canada—total time, 48 minutes! And the Hon. J. L. Ralston, in replying, spent some 38 minutes quoting from the *Canada Year Book* to prove that we used to have a grand and glorious export trade and that we might have it still were it not for the perfidious Tories who, thank Heaven, had been given a glorious drubbing by young Angus Macdonald and the Bluenose Grits, and Bennett would get his when we got at him again and in spite of it all we would some day achieve our manifest destiny! And then there were two more speeches, mercifully shorter and more intelligent, which gave Mr. Massey and the rest of us a chance to recover from the gentleman from Calgary's Christian mother and the statistics of our export trade.

So, along towards 11 p.m., Mr. Moley was turned on. But it can scarcely be said that he enunciated a doctrine of the new liberalism that satisfied the more critical of his audience. It came down to this, it appeared. Al Smith, said Moley, was staying at a camp in Upper New York State a few years ago, with a party of friends. On the Sunday morning it was cold and raw, but Al, being a good Son of the Church, arose early with his Catholic friends, dressed, and prepared for a long walk to the nearest Catholic church. As he was going out of the door he turned and looked at the remaining members of the party, still lying snug and warm in their blankets. 'Wouldn't it be hell,' said Al, 'if they were right and we were wrong.'

'Well,' said Moley, 'we're up—and we're dressed—and we're on our way.' And he gave the impression that he wasn't very sure of the direction or of

the purpose of the expedition. But the audience rather liked him, and continued to have faith in his chief. But some of them admitted sadly, in the conversations that followed, that they could not see W.L.M.K. turning suddenly into a dashing cavalier of reform, like Roosevelt. And so to bed, and wishful dreaming of what Liberalism in Canada might be, if only a Roosevelt would appear!

The previous evening Prof. McIver and Sir Herbert Samuel had undertaken a little exercise in the definition of terms. Prof. McIver has spoken on 'Liberalism and the Economic Challenge', and Sir Herbert on 'British Liberalism'. It was all very nice, and everybody agreed, reading into what was said his own ideas. There was much talk about a 'liberal state of mind', and about 'the danger of extremes' and about 'approaching problems experimentally' and that sort of thing. Sir Herbert came out manfully with a declaration in favour of economic liberty as a new point in the Liberal credo that must be stressed, along with the old points of national liberty, political liberty, and personal liberty, which had sufficed in the nineteenth century. And Sir Herbert pointed to the British *Liberal Yellow Book* of 1928 as a document that expressed the British Liberals' conception of an adequate economic programme for the present.

There was some meat in this for the young liberals, but they wanted more. Specifically, they wanted to know what sort of economic programme modern liberalism decreed for Canada in 1933.

In some of the round tables they found more of the fare that satisfied them. In one on the 'Government and Business', conducted by Mr. Francis Hankin of Montreal, they really got to grips with the issue. Mr. Hankin asked what an economic system was for, and then proceeded to argue that, as a means of serving the community, it should be managed efficiently and directed in the public interest. Private ownership, he thought, would best provide efficiency of operation; while control in the public interest could be guaranteed by state regulation, comparable to that exercised over the railroads by the Board of Railway Commissioners. Wasteful competition, he thought, might be eliminated by cutting out anti-combine legislation and permitting private monopoly under public control.

It was plain sailing for Mr. Hankin, who presented his ideas lucidly and ably, until the last afternoon of his round table. But then two or three radical critics opened up their guns. The scheme was splendid, they said. But was it not the nature of the capitalist beast to refuse to accept really effective public control? Who would control the controllers in Mr. Hankin's scheme of things? With the power of great wealth still in the hands of private business men, would they not dominate government, as they had in the past?

No, said Mr. Hankin and the other Liberals. A proper system of appointments, to get disinterested men on the Commissions of Control, would protect the scheme. And, anyhow, there was a great disposition among business men nowadays to accept state control and to abide by the rules of the game.

Here, at least, was a reasonable argument. It recognized the grosser abuses of capitalism. It declared that business must be the servant, rather than the master, of the people. It satisfied the young

liberals. It was what they had come to Port Hope to get.

And in a way, it satisfied also the radical critics. It made the liberals assume a fairly definite position—a position which practice would prove impossible. And then Mr. Hankin and his liberal friends would be forced, if they were honest, to move over into the Socialist camp.

'But don't forget,' said the radicals, 'that your policy is not yet the policy of the Liberal Party. And how much chance is there that it will be?'

To which the liberals were unable to reply very satisfactorily, except in vague and general terms of the Liberal Party being the best political instrument in Canada to work for great reforms.

In view of such discussions, it was natural that everyone should turn to the politicians at the end, to hear what they had to say about a new Liberal policy. Everyone waited expectantly to hear W. L. M. K. give the last address of the Conference. A number of people approached him beforehand to present their views. The afore-mentioned gentleman from Calgary, in the course of his 48-minute address, tried to say that Western Liberals wanted action. 'The Liberal Party,' he suggested, in awkward metaphor, 'had been afflicted with a bad case of falling arches, and it had to have its arches strengthened if it was to hobble on much farther. We have a great leader,' he said, not too confidently; 'he is a man who has had great intellectual powers. Ladies and Gentlemen, I say he still has a mind'—and with a flourish the gentleman from Calgary turned to point with pride to W.L.M.K. sitting just behind him, placid in spite of all these dubious compliments! But however badly he said it, the gentleman from Calgary tried to tell Mr. King that the Party wanted a vigorous, radical lead, and he expressed the feeling of the majority of those at the Conference.

The same point of view came out in the applause which Mr. Massey received, when he was being thanked for organizing the School. It was enthusiastic and protracted. He, it appeared, epitomized the forward view that the young liberals wanted the Party to adopt.

Is there really to be a renaissance of Canadian Liberalism, one wondered, as the week went on. Does the liberal tone of the School really mean anything? Does it show that the Party is moving?

Frankly, I doubt it. Here are two or three straws in the wind that make me feel that Mr. Massey's enterprise, thoroughly laudable in itself and very well conducted, is not likely to have any very immediate results in the way of putting new wine into the Liberal bottle.

Apart from Mr. King and Mr. Crerar, there were very few politicians of consequence at the School. Some of those that were on hand appeared for the general meetings in the evening, which were, on the whole, far less challenging than the round table discussions and the morning lectures. Notable among the absentees was Mr. Mitchell Hepburn, the leader of the Ontario Grits. He had been particularly pressed to come, one heard, but could not give up political engagements. Apparently, he was more interested in building political fences in the old way than in coming into contact with new ideas. One

heard also that many Liberal M.P.'s were very sceptical about Mr. Massey's experiment.

Among the practical politicians who were on hand, there appeared to be vastly more interest in discovering slogans that would gain votes than in searching for principles of good government. What kind of bait can we find here, they seemed to say, that will be attractive to those suckers, the voters, whom we must catch. I talked with several, and they all expressed this point of view, in one way or another. Certainly, they showed little of a spirit of a new and vital Liberalism. They may succeed in winning an election or so. But they are scarcely the men who will venture to put through great reforms, as Mr. Hankin and his friends would have them do.

And then there was Mr. King's speech, the last night of the Conference. For the better part of an hour he was on the defence. He defended himself against the Tories. He faced about and defended himself against the C.C.F. He defended himself against Labour. He defended himself against the charges of the intellectuals. He explained the problems of a political leader. He was radical, he said. Of course he was radical. But he couldn't move too fast. He couldn't move ahead of the country. The electorate had to be educated to reform. When the country was ready, the Liberal Party would give the country what it wanted.

That's the point! Mr. King wants to know what we electors want. He doesn't want to offend us and to run the chance of losing our votes by proposing bold, vigorous policies. He will wait and see, and be thoroughly democratic and do as the people wish, and ride into office again on a wave of reaction against R.B., and give us another administration no better and no worse than his last one, and perhaps one day he will die off and the Liberals will have a chance to look for their Roosevelt among the young men who haven't deserted to the C.C.F. or gone Fascist!

As a young Tory radical put it to me recently, to explain why he was still playing about with the Tories: 'The C.C.F. haven't any leaders, and, damn it all, I can't be a Liberal because Mackenzie King hasn't got any guts.'

Mr. Massey, I have heard it said by a Socialist friend, wants to make an omelet without breaking any eggs. Mr. King, I suspect, doesn't even want to make an omelet—but merely to persuade people to believe that he will make them one, so that they will appoint him *chef* for another five years.

So the young liberals came away from the meeting, and from the School, with mixed emotions. The School had been splendid. Hankin and his friends had given some meaning to their liberalism. But what would it matter to the Party? They didn't believe in King as a leader, and yet they had to follow him.

How many of them will agree, within a year or two, with my neighbour at one of the meetings, who remarked, 'Can't the idiots see that the only real liberals nowadays are Socialists?'

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CONCENTRATION IN CANADIAN INDUSTRY

By E. A. FORSEY

A DISTINGUISHED Montreal corporation lawyer not long ago denied that there was any appreciable degree of concentration in Canadian Industry. Examination of the *Financial Post Survey of Corporate Securities, Business Year Book*, and *Directory of Canadian Directors*, suggests that his supreme claim to distinction lies in the success with which he has insulated himself from the facts. For whether we look at the situation industry by industry, or consider the relations between industries, the same result emerges: financial and industrial power in this country is concentrated in the hands of a very small group.

Consider first the financial system: banks, trust and loan companies, life insurance companies, investment trusts.

In banking the development of combination has been particularly striking. There were once more than forty banks in Canada. There are now ten. Of these the three largest have for some years done about seventy per cent. of the business. Moreover, the rigidity of interest rates in Canada during the depression seems to indicate the persistence of that 'effective but informal' agreement among our bankers which the *Canadian Bankers' Journal* some years ago coyly admitted.

Trust companies are much more numerous than banks. The *Business Year Book* lists forty-seven, with total assets of \$2,410,991,525. But the Montreal Trust Company alone accounts for almost a third of this total, and the four largest companies (Montreal, Royal, National, and Toronto General) together for over 77%. The three largest, also, are closely linked with the three largest banks. Montreal Trust has five directors from the Royal Bank (Sir Herbert Holt being president of both), Royal Trust eight from the Bank of Montreal (Sir Charles Gordon is president of both), National Trust nine from the Canadian Bank of Commerce, three from the Royal Bank, and three from the Bank of Nova Scotia (our fourth largest bank). Toronto General Trust Corporation, less intimately associated with the banks, has nevertheless two directors from the Bank of Nova Scotia and one from the Canadian Bank of Commerce.

Loan companies, though much less important, illustrate the same tendency. The *Business Year Book* lists thirty-six, with total assets of \$213,649,794. Three of these, however, account for over 82% of the total. The largest, Canada Permanent Mortgage, interlocks with the Dominion Bank and the Bank of Toronto, the second, Credit Foncier Franco-Canadien, with la Banque Provinciale, the third, Huron and Erie, with the Bank of Montreal.

In life insurance we find sixty-six companies, Canadian and foreign, with assets (excluding outside assets of foreign companies) of \$2,125,522,060. Incomparably the largest is Sun Life with \$624,804,455, or more than 29% of the total. Next comes Metropolitan with Canadian assets of \$225,608,940, third Canada Life with \$205,819,638. These three control almost half the total assets, and with the three next largest more than two-thirds. Again, too, there is the inevitable connection with the banks.

The Sun Life has Mr. Beatty, Mr. McConnell and Mr. McMaster from the Bank of Montreal, (and the Royal Trust), Sir Herbert Holt and Mr. McNaught from the Royal Bank (and the Montreal Trust), Mr. Birks from the Bank of Nova Scotia. Canada Life interlocks with the Bank of Montreal, the Canadian Bank of Commerce, the Bank of Nova Scotia, and the Dominion Bank (and National Trust), Manufacturers' Life with the Bank of Toronto, Mutual Life with the Canadian Bank of Commerce (and Toronto General Trust), Great West Life with the Canadian Bank of Commerce.

The investment trust situation is less simple but substantially not dissimilar. Sir Herbert Holt, of the Royal Bank, and Mr. Gundy, sit on the boards of London-Canadian Investment Corporation, Hydro-Electric Bond and Share, and United Corporations Limited. Mr. Montgomery, their colleague on the two latter, is also a director of Hydro-Electric Securities. Mr. Smith, of the Royal Bank, their colleague on London-Canadian, is a director of Aldred Investment, which has on its board also Mr. Howard Murray and Mr. G. W. MacDougall, associates of Sir Herbert Holt in Shawinigan. Mr. Price, a colleague of Sir Herbert on Montreal Trust, is a director of Canadian International Investment and of United Bond and Share. Senator Webster, president of Canadian General Investments, is a colleague of Sir Herbert Holt in Sun Life, Holt Renfrew, and Dominion Steel and Coal, and a director of Quebec Power, subsidiary of Shawinigan. Mr. Thomson of Nesbitt, Thomson, sits with Mr. Woodyatt, of the same interests, on Great Britain and Canada Investments, and with Mr. Nesbitt on Canadian Power and Paper Investments.

In railway transportation, of course, the C.P.R., apart from the now emasculated competition of the C.N.R., reigns supreme. Atlantic shipping is dominated by the North Atlantic Conference of which C.P.R. is an important member. Two C.P.R. directors are directors of Canada Steamship Lines which virtually controls Canadian lake shipping. Five C.P.R. directors are directors of Canadian Airways, the dominating factor in that field.

Express and telegraph services belong to the two railway systems. Radio is being unified under public ownership, and the telephone systems of the prairie provinces are publicly owned. In eastern Canada, however, telephones are controlled by the Bell Telephone Company, through direct ownership and interlocking directorates. The telephone and telegraph systems are of course technically very important for radio broadcasting; and it may be pointed out that the directorates of C.P.R. and Bell Telephone interlock.

Electric power, apart from publicly owned systems, is almost entirely in the hands of three groups; the Holt interests, the Nesbitt-Thomson-Killam interests, and International Power and Paper; groups, moreover, which are not completely separate, and which seldom if ever invade each other's territory. Sir Herbert Holt, Mr. Aldred, and Mr. Julian Smith are on the boards of both Shawinigan Water and Power (which controls Quebec Power) and Mont-

real Light, Heat and Power Consolidated (which controls Beauharnois, Montreal Island Power, and a host of lesser subsidiaries). Shawinigan and M.L.H. and P. jointly control United Securities, which in turn controls among other things three bus lines: Provincial Transport, and Frontier and Champlain buses. The same interests control Montreal Tramways, and Mr. Aldred and Mr. Smith are directors of Duke-Price, subsidiary of the Aluminum Company of America, which controls Saguenay Power. The Nesbitt-Thomson-Killam group are represented by Mr. Nesbitt and Mr. Thomson on the boards of Winnipeg Electric, Power Corporation of Canada (which controls Canada Northern Power and East Kootenay Power), and Southern Canada Power, which is described as 'affiliated' with Power Corporation. The same group controls Foreign Power Securities, which owns interests in sixty-two utilities in France and the French colonies. Mr. Nesbitt, Mr. Thomson and Mr. Killam are directors of Ottawa Valley Power, which is controlled by Calgary Power, of which Mr. Killam is a director. Sir Herbert Holt, Mr. Gundy, Mr. Nesbitt and Mr. Thomson are all directors of British Columbia Power. The Canadian enterprises of these two linked groups have assets of about \$850,000,000. International Power and Paper, the third (or second) controlling factor, has assets of \$887,000,000, but how much of this represents its power holdings in Canada I do not know. The link between I. P. and P. and the Holt interests is provided by Mr. Montgomery, a director of M.L.H. and P. and an associate of Sir Herbert Holt in two investment trusts, who sits on the board of Canadian International Paper, subsidiary of I. P. and P. Outside these groups the *Survey* lists eleven small companies with total assets of about \$140,000,000; and one even of these companies (West Kootenay) is controlled by Consolidated Mining and Smelting, subsidiary of the C.P.R., which numbers among its directors Sir Herbert Holt of M.L.H. and P., Shawinigan, and B.C. Power, and Sir Charles Gordon of M.L.H. and P.

In pulp and paper the *Survey* lists fifteen companies, but one of these is International Power and Paper with the board of whose Canadian subsidiary the boards of seven other of these companies directly or indirectly interlock. Mr. Drury and Senator Smeaton White of Canadian International Paper are also directors of Price Brothers and Anglo-Canadian Pulp and Paper Mills, respectively. Mr. A. J. Brown of the Royal Bank is a director both of Price Brothers and of Abitibi. Sir Herbert Holt of Anglo-Canadian is a director of Howard Smith Paper Mills. Mr. Crabtree and Mr. Dunning of the Howard Smith directorate are also on the boards of Fraser Companies and Consolidated Paper (successor to Canada Power and Paper). Mr. Pitfield of Fraser Companies is a director of Rolland Paper. Outside—or inside?—this group is St. Lawrence Corporation which includes among its directors Sir Charles Gordon, a colleague of Sir Herbert Holt in C.P.R., Dominion Steel and Coal, Dominion Textiles, and M.L.H. and P., and Mr. Herbert Molson, Sir Herbert's colleague in Shawinigan. The *Survey* does not give the assets of Consolidated Paper, Rolland, Anglo-Canadian or Price Brothers (this last now bankrupt). The combined assets of Fraser, St. Lawrence and Howard Smith are over \$300,000,000. In

addition the *Survey* lists six companies, apparently unrelated to the main group or groups, with total assets of \$112,000,000.

The electrical apparatus and supplies industry seems to be in the hands of Canadian General Electric, Northern Electric (subsidiary of Bell Telephone), Canadian Westinghouse (which interlocks with Bell Telephone through Mr. Ahearn), Amalgamated Electric (which interlocks with Bell Telephone through Mr. P. F. Size), and Canadian Marconi, (which exchanges patent licenses with Canadian General Electric, Canadian Westinghouse, and Northern Electric).

For the iron and steel industries the *Survey* is not altogether satisfactory. It omits, for example, General Motors of Canada and International Harvester. It is probably safe to say, however, that Ford and General Motors dominate motor-car manufacturing in Canada, and that International Harvester, Massey-Harris, and Cockshutt Plow, hold a similar position for agricultural implements. The general steel industry is the preserve of Dominion Steel and Coal, and Steel of Canada, which interlock in the person of Mr. Duggan, and of Algoma Steel, now in process of reorganization. Dominion Steel and Coal interlocks with Massey-Harris through Mr. Gundy, with Dominion Bridge through Mr. Duggan, Sir Herbert Holt and Mr. McNaught, with Canadian Car and Foundry through Senators Webster and Beaubien, with National Steel Car through Senator Beaubien. Algoma interlocks with General Steel Wares through Mr. J. C. Newman, Railway rolling stock is manufactured by Eastern Car (subsidiary of Dominion Steel and Coal), National Steel Car, Canadian Car and Foundry, C.P.R. and C.N.R. All of these except the last interlock. Sir Herbert Holt and Sir Charles Gordon of Dominion Steel and Coal are directors of C.P.R. Senators Webster and Beaubien of Dominion Steel and Coal as already noted are directors of Canadian Car and Foundry. Senator Beaubien, Mr. W. F. Angus and Mr. Clergue are directors of both Canadian Car and Foundry and National Steel Car.

The nickel industry is of course a complete monopoly, and in copper Consolidated Mining and Smelting (subsidiary of C.P.R.) holds a leading position. For the general chemical industry the dominating factors are probably Canadian Industries Limited (controlled jointly by Imperial Chemical Industries and Du Pont de Nemours), Dominion Tar and Chemical, Consolidated Mining and Smelting, and Shawinigan Chemicals (subsidiary of Shawinigan Water and Power). Canadian Industries Limited and C.P.R. interlock through Sir Charles Gordon and Mr. H. McMaster, C.I.L. and Shawinigan through Mr. Herbert Molson, Dominion Tar and Chemical through Sir Herbert Holt, 'Smelters' and Dominion Tar and Chemical through Sir Herbert Holt. The paint industry seems to be divided between Sherwin-Williams and Brandram-Henderson, though there are, of course, a number of smaller companies.

Cement is the virtual monopoly of Canada Cement.

Under oil refining the *Survey* lists five companies, Imperial Oil with assets of over \$242,000,000 towering over its four competitors with combined assets of only \$78,000,000.

Rubber manufacturing is in the hands of four companies; Dominion Rubber, Dunlop, Goodyear, and Goodrich. Canadian Industries Limited has an 'interest' in Dunlop, and Mr. Purvis, President of C.I.L., sits on the Dunlop board. Three directors of Dominion Rubber—Sir Charles Gordon, Mr. Herbert Molson, and Mr. R. H. McMaster are also directors of C.I.L.

Our basic textile industries present one of the most beautiful examples of concentration. In cottons there appear, at first glance, to be three main groups; the Gordon-Holt interests, controlling Dominion Textiles, Montreal Cottons, and Paton Manufacturing Company; the Dawson interests in Canadian Cottons; and, much smaller than either of the former, the Wabasso and Empire companies, linked by Mr. J. W. Pyke. But a second glance reveals that Dominion Textiles interlocks with Canadian Cottons through Mr. W. A. Black. Moreover, the Gordon-Holt interests control the woollens firm of Penman's which interlocks with Canadian Cottons through Mr. Morrice. The second largest woollens firm, Dominion Woollens and Worsteds, is a Dawson company, the third is Stanfield's, Limited. In silks the situation is controlled by Canadian Celanese, Courtauld's (which the *Survey* omits), and Belding-Corticelli, which interlocks with Canadian Cottons and Dominion Woollens and Worsteds through Mr. Dawson and Mr. W. A. Black, and with Dominion Textiles through Mr. W. A. Black.

Flour milling is controlled by four or five companies, four of which in turn control a large part of the bread baking industry. (See THE CANADIAN FORUM, June, 1933).

Meat packing is in the hands of Canada Packers (which, according to figures of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, does an overwhelming proportion of the total business), British Columbia Packers, and Burns and Company.

In tobacco manufacturing, Imperial Tobacco is pre-eminent.

In brewing, the *Survey* lists eleven firms (excluding Molson's). Of these the largest—nearly as large as all the others put together—is National Breweries which, with its subsidiary, Frontenac, has assets of \$22,736,000. The five next largest are Brewing Corporation (\$7,000,000), Canada Malting (\$5,611,000), Associated Breweries (\$5,000,000), Coast Breweries (assets not given), and Western Breweries (\$4,500,000). The others together have total listed assets of about \$3,500,000.

Of seven distilleries the two largest are Hiram Walker—Gooderham and Worts (assets \$34,867,000) and Distillers Corporation—Seagram's (assets \$25,919,000). Next comes Canadian Industrial Alcohol (\$12,765,000). The next two together have assets of only \$11,080,000, and the remaining two are very small firms whose assets are not given.

One might add that the report, under the Combines Investigation Act, on the motion picture industry showed Famous Players in virtually complete control, and the recent report of a House of Commons committee on the milk trade showed growing concentration of control there. It is unfortunate that the *Survey* lists only two of the eight sugar refining companies.

Even more striking and perhaps more important than the high degree of concentration in each industry is the close interrelation between industries and the extraordinary degree to which they are all controlled by the same relatively small groups. Four of the investment trusts interlock with the Bank of Montreal, five with the Royal Bank. C.P.R. interlocks directly not only with the other transportation companies mentioned above but also with the Bank of Montreal, the Royal Bank, the Canadian Bank of Commerce, the Dominion Bank, the Bank of Toronto, Royal Trust, Montreal Trust, National Trust, Sun Life, Great West Life, Canada Life, four investment trusts, Bell Telephone, Canadian General Electric, Canadian Marconi, M.L.H. & P., Shawinigan, B.C. Power, St. Lawrence Corporation, Abitibi, Consolidated Paper, Anglo-Canadian Paper, Howard Smith Power, General Motors of Canada, Cockshutt Plow, Niagara Wire Weaving, Dominion Steel and Coal, Steel of Canada, Dominion Bridge, Hamilton Bridge, International Nickel, Hillcrest Collieries, Canadian Bronze, 'Smelters', C.I.L., Dominion Tar and Chemical, Canada Cement, Dominion Rubber, Dominion Textiles, Montreal Cottons, Paton Manufacturing Company, Penman's, Ogilvie Flour Mills, Lake of the Woods Milling Company, Burns and Company, Tuckett's Tobacco (subsidiary of Imperial Tobacco), Molson's Breweries, Holt Renfrew, and Simpson's. Canada Steamships interlocks directly with other transportation interests as noted and also with Bank of Montreal, Royal Bank, Royal Trust, Montreal Trust, M.L.H. & P., Shawinigan, Duke-Price, Canadian International Paper, Price Brothers, Anglo-Canadian Paper, Consolidated Paper, Canadian General Electric, Bell Telephone, Dominion Steel and Coal, Steel of Canada, Dominion Bridge, Canadian Bronze, International Nickel, C.I.L., Canada Cement, Dominion Rubber, Goodyear Tire and Rubber, Ogilvie Flour Mills, National Breweries, *Montreal Gazette*. National Breweries interlocks directly with Royal Bank, three investment trusts, Canada Steamships, Shawinigan, M.L.H. & P., Duke-Price, Canadian International Paper, Consolidated Paper, Canadian General Electric, Steel of Canada, Ontario Steel Products, Dominion Bridge, General Steel Wares, Massey-Harris, Canada Cement. The Bank of Montreal interlocks with at least twenty-seven important industrial concerns, the Royal Bank with twenty-six. So one might continue at some length; finance, transportation, communications, power, paper, electrical supplies, iron and steel, motor cars, agricultural implements, nickel, copper, chemicals, cement, rubber, textiles, flour milling, meat packing, tobacco, brewing, distilling, motion pictures, department stores, all closely bound together.

Lists of directors reveal the smallness of the dominant group. Sir Charles Gordon is on the boards of Bank of Montreal, Royal Trust, Dominion Steel and Coal, Canadian Bronze, C.P.R., Dominion Textiles, Penman's and associated firms, C.I.L., Tuckett's Tobacco, St. Lawrence Corporation, M.L.H. & P., Ogilvie Flour Mills, Dominion Rubber, and Canadian Investment Fund. Sir Herbert Holt is a director of Royal Bank, Montreal Trust, Sun

Life, Dominion Steel and Coal, Dominion Bridge, Canadian Bronze, C.P.R., Canadian Airways, Shawinigan, M.L.H. & P., B.C. Power, Anglo-Canadian Paper, Howard Smith Paper, Dominion Textiles, Ogilvie Flour Mills, Dominion Tar and Chemical, Canadian General Electric, Canada Cement, Tuckett's Tobacco, Holt Renfrew, Simpson's, and three investment trusts. Mr. Gundy is a director of Dominion Steel and Coal, Massey-Harris, B.C. Power, Howard Smith Paper, Dominion Tar and Chemical, Canada Cement, Mercury Mills, Western Canada Flour Mills, B.C. Packers, Simpson's, and three investment trusts. Besides these titans there are some sixty others—including eleven directors of the Bank of Montreal, and seven each of the Royal Bank, and the Canadian Bank of Commerce—who, with a few powerful foreign interests, constitute the controlling group for Canadian finance, transportation, communications, power, paper, electrical supplies, iron and steel, motor cars, agricultural implements, nickel, copper, chemicals, paints, cement, oil, rubber, textiles, milling, packing, tobacco, brewing, distilling,

and motion pictures. Perhaps a hundred persons, here and abroad, decide what we shall eat, what we shall drink, wherewithal we shall be clothed, and most other of our activities.

Some readers may dismiss all this with the reflection that, after all, the shares in these enterprises are widely distributed, and that the final control rests with the great mass of shareholders. The answer lies first in the income tax figures which show that at most only about 144,000 people in Canada receive income enough to be taxable, that about 82,000 of these get \$4,000 a year or less, and that three per cent. of the population gets twenty per cent. of the income; second, in the mere handful of shareholders who attend the annual meetings of 'their' companies. Whatever one's opinion of the tendency towards concentration of control in Canadian finance and industry, and however incomplete the picture here presented, the fact itself is inescapable, and sheds a somewhat lurid light on proposals for 'controlling' capitalism in this country. *Quis custodiet custodes ipsos?*

THE PRESIDENT'S BANANAS

Strange Interlude, Ten Years Ago, at Vancouver

By J. H. SIMPSON

ON a certain fine day in July, 1923, I witnessed an event. The visit of the United States President, Warren Harding, to Vancouver.

The current President, with a complete and rather charming nonchalance, sails his own sloop, lugger, or whatever *Amberjack II* is, in and out of Canadian ports and thus has rather damaged the prestige of the Vancouver event. But at the time we thought the visit of Warren Harding was distinctly an occasion. We were told—and doubtless correctly—that it was the first visit, barring Doctor Wilson's unfortunate pilgrimage to Versailles, of any regnant President of the United States to a foreign country. We, the people of Vancouver, were all of a twitter. We were out to do him—and ourselves—considerable honour.

Vancouver is peculiarly blessed in its waterfront. Most largish cities manage to congregate a majority of their objectionable features right where the incoming traveller cannot fail to see and smell them. But Vancouver—like San Francisco—is an exception. You can almost throw a stone from the leading banking corner and hit the Empresses docked from Japan. The inevitable railroad tracks that intervene are nicely sunken under wide viaducts; the end of the C.P.R. steel, just past the viaducts, is in a green bit of well-shaven lawn; across the blue waters of the harbour tower the snow-capped mountains of the Coast Range; a half-mile to the West, Stanley Park juts its Douglas firs towards the Lions' Gate. On a fine morning in July the setting lends itself to an occasion, and an occasion we were determined this should be.

The President was arriving from Alaska, aboard the U.S.S. *Henderson*. Many of us expected that the U.S.S. *Henderson* would turn out to be a dashing cruiser, if not indeed a towering battleship. Hence

it was a little disconcerting to see the U.S.S. *Henderson* come lumbering in. Have you ever seen the U.S.S. *Henderson*? It is, no doubt, a very worthy and serviceable craft, and quite big enough for any President, even the late Mr. Taft, but it looks more like a sea-going auto camp than a royal yacht. Surmounting an unwieldy grey bulk of hull looming far above the water's edge it has a single, undersized smoke-stack and every-day looking masts, to which no amount of bunting could lend rakishness. It is, in short, a troop ship.

But the U.S.S. *Henderson* was accompanied by at least half of the Canadian navy—two destroyers, I think there were—and as the marine ensemble moved in and the officials from the City Hall assembled at the dock head, and our own gayly scarlet Mounties formed a guard, the scene, despite the U.S.S. *Henderson*, was a gay one.

Patience we, the people of Vancouver, waited for the show to commence. There were thousands of us, lining the viaducts and the water-fronting streets. Citizens of every rank and station and age—from doddering veterans of such past glories as Queen Victoria's Jubilee to squalling infants, lugged there to make a mothers' doubtful holiday.

The usual unaccountable delay which always features parades then took place, and rumours spread—that the President was not on board at all; that his secret service men were afraid to let him land; that he was sleeping; that he was in the middle of a poker game; that he was ill (not so wide of the mark—that). But finally a guard of blue-jackets formed on the wharf, officers and personages began coming ashore and a navy band came off the *Henderson*, heavy with horns and saxophones and trombones.

An extraordinarily big band it was, too, for these

poverty-stricken post-war days when bands usually number eighteen men and a piccolo player. True, they were not all the same colour—but out at the Coast we are used to the dapper Filipinos, and so I accepted their presence in that big band—as well as the presence of one or two 'coloured men' without question. The point that was interesting me, as I leaned lazily over a bridge-railing, was—what would they play? Bearing in mind that the first selection would see the parade off the viaducts and into the heart of the city straightway—it struck me as rather an important point. Would it be the 'Star Spangled Banner' or 'The King'? Or would they compromise with a Sousa march? Anyway, I knew it would be something stirring, and I decided that I would be a small boy again and accompany the parade up Granville Street, abreast of that fine big navy band in their absurd little white hats.

A weakness of mine, bands. The Queen's Own Rifles, away back in 1912, drew me as a recruit chiefly on account of their bands (only to find myself in the last company of the second battalion—the bands miles away!). I used, too, to lie in a canoe off Scarborough Beach, listening to a fellow named D'Urbano, who had a very good band indeed. And the bands at the Exhibition! Ah! that was music. You can have your radio. . . .

But here comes the President! Hand-shakings. Presentations. Genial waves of a large, soft hand. Unorganized and somewhat self-conscious civilian cheers from the spectators. Hand-clappings from those too highly educated to cheer. 'Present Arms!' by the guards of honour—of which there were, by now, several.

We do not see the tragedy of mediocrity behind that handsome face and imposing figure. All that we see is a living President of the United States standing, for the first time in history, on Canadian soil. We exult in his greatness and tremble for his safety, not resenting the officiousness of his mean-looking civil guards who, later, are to push small boys off bicycles if they get too close to the Presidential car. Still later we are to sit at his feet before the little band-stand in Stanley Park while he delights us with truisms, platitudes, and beatitudes about the three thousand miles of unprotected border, mutual esteem and common heritages, a century of peace and—but need I go on? Sufficient to say that a monument was soon erected in Stanley Park to commemorate the spot where the piece was spoken.

But to return to the parade. Canadian Jack Tars, American Gobs, a company of Vancouver militia in war-time khaki, the Mounted Police, and, near the head of the procession, the big band. I take up a strategic position on the sidewalk beside the band, which is limbering up. I try to see the music of the two 'end men' near me—a big gob with a cornet and a Filipino with a saxophone. No music; apparently they are going to tackle something pretty well known. Must be 'the Banner' after all. . . .

Now comes the Gatling fire of the motor-cops ahead of the band. A final hitch is given to the big horns, the bass drum is hoisted, a huge drum-major tries out the whirl of his baton, somebody gives an unseen signal and my curiosity is satisfied. Boom! Boom! Boom! from the bass drum and they are off. The gatling motor-cycles, the big band, the guard,

and the open touring car of the President of the United States.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Blare. . . . And the musical composition selected to mark the first visit of a regnant American President to Canada is no national anthem, no medley of national anthems, no Sousa march. It is not even Gilbert and Sullivan.

It is 'Yes! We Have No Bananas; We Have No Bananas Today!'

GRAIN STABBERS

The sour, sick smell of clothes, sweat-drying mists with heavy odours reft from clay grown slack on benches—sleep of men exhausted, still; indifferently they sleep in awkward mass, the boss alone awake and stirring coals within the heated belly of a stove while waiting for the crunch of feet on snow, the door to slam, and then 'Ten cars on forty-five, train moves within an hour'. Feet shuffle, thump, and bodies grunt themselves awake. By lantern light they file across the tracks, or sneak beneath the heavy bulk of cars chuck full with grain.

G. A. NEWMAN

NOTE.—During the autumn rush of grain across the prairie each carload is tested at Winnipeg as to the grade of wheat it contains. To this end a crew of men are kept working day and night in three shifts. The test consists of pushing a long brass tube containing slots down through the grain in several places in the boxcar. The work is extremely arduous and is called 'grain stabbing'.

FEY

I have gone down before the burn
Of scarlet bittersweet,
And golden leaves have tortured me
And the insistent beat

Of wave on wave; and wave on rock
Has twisted me with pain,
And it has taken gallantry
To bear the song of rain.

I am enchanted; Beauty touched;
What though my heart be sad,
What though they whisper after me
'A woman fey . . . and mad?'

What matter anything at all
If I can hear a tree
Cry triumph to a copper moon
Cry high young dreams to me!!

MONA GOULD

THE COLONIAL COMPLEX

By MORLEY AYEAST

NO doubt most readers of *THE CANADIAN FORUM* would be prepared fairly readily to define the title of this article. It probably suggests to them that super-polite, or even fawning, attitude which some Canadians display toward visiting Englishmen, an attitude combined with a 'more British than the King' kind of imperial loyalty.

The above description, however, applies to the conduct and beliefs of by no means all who are afflicted with the colonial complex. In addition to those who attempt to identify themselves with the supposedly superior group (i.e., the English) so that they can look down upon their fellow-Canadians as crude and provincial, there are many who glory in this very provincialism, and affect to scorn the snobbishness and hypocrisy of the others. Pushed to its logical outcome this manifestation results in an aggressive and self-conscious nationalism.

The interesting thing is that both imperialists and nationalists appear to be compensating for the same hidden inferiority feeling which is due to membership in a 'colonial' and therefore, by definition, an inferior people. The attitudes of the I.O.D.E. and of M. Bourassa are thus explained as growing from the same root, although the root is well concealed, and the intelligence displayed in rationalizing the ensuing conduct may vary considerably as between the two examples.

Of course there are individuals in Canada as elsewhere, who are the happy possessors of pure superiority feelings with no canker of inferiority concealed beneath them. Nor is it possible to divide all Canadians categorically into imperialistic sheep and nationalistic goats. Nevertheless the great majority of Canadians do tend to ignore the Canadian and stress the British element in their nationality, or else on the other hand to emphasize their Canadian nationality in somewhat defiant fashion. Behind both these attitudes, as already stated, is an inferiority of feeling because of membership in a 'colonial' group.

It is not the purpose of this article to express any judgement as to the relative social value of these attitudes. In any case they are formed quite apart from such considerations. But it would appear desirable that more people should become aware of the sources of their own prejudices, and especially that they should recognize them as such. Recognition will not destroy a prejudice but it may produce a degree of insight. This in turn makes it possible to achieve a truer perspective and a better understanding of others who cherish a different set of prejudices.

No one need suppose that Canadians are unique in suffering from an inferiority complex due to membership in a particular group. The New Yorker who prides himself on his cosmopolitanism, and who secretly deprecates his American origin, has a very similar complex. The eagle-screaming prairie politician who disdains the effete Easterner suffers from a like complaint, but finds relief in his own way. Both, of course, are normally conscious only of a

feeling of superiority. The misguided followers of Adolf Hitler, engaged in what Dorothy Thompson happily terms 'a mass flight from reality' provide a striking example. The inferiority root of their complex is readily evident in the enthusiasm with which they have seized upon obvious absurdities about the excellence of a non-existent Aryan 'race', and in their anti-Semitic activities. It is also evident in their explanation of Germany's defeat. Unable to face that fact, even though there is nothing disgraceful about it, they have convinced themselves that the army was betrayed, not vanquished. Outraged national pride, economic desperation, and other conditions have combined to produce a national inferiority complex with superiority manifestations of the crudest sort. The attitude of the Southern 'poor white' toward the negro, the exaggerated imperialism of the Japanese, the psychopathic tendencies of some Irish republicans, all seem to be at least partially explicable by references to a national or group inferiority complex.

Everyone early in life acquires an inferiority feeling. The exceptions are the human vegetables and the mentally subnormal. The feeling is not dangerous unless it is transformed into a complex, in which case the individual loses touch with reality. The result may be to rob him of initiative, turn him into a defeatist, and in extreme cases, drive him to insanity or suicide. Religions, especially those with a strong emotional appeal, provide a haven for many of this sort. On the other hand, he may compensate by constructing a dream-universe in which he is a very superior person indeed, and where the basic inferiority feeling is so completely submerged as to be unsuspected. Mere birth or national origin may provide the groundwork for this phantasy. Very little material is needed in order to build a charming world in which the ego is gratified by a comfortable feeling of superiority.

Of course the socially and personally desirable conduct is for the individual to face the fact of his personal deficiencies and overcome them in the world of reality, so that he has no need to escape into a dream-world. He is then able, if he remains a realist, to see the absurdity of attaching importance to labels like 'colonial', and if he is a Canadian, does not feel compelled to embrace either the imperialistic or nationalistic extremes that are the result of a colonial complex.

To escape completely from the complex is not easy. It is not easy even for the Jew with his long experience in combatting irrational prejudice. Perhaps because they have faced this problem for centuries, however, most Jews are realists. But many of them combine a tenacity and shrewdness in business or the professions with a partial escape from reality via Zionism, or in a repudiation of their own origin, even in some instances to the extent of an avowed anti-Semitism.

It is the writer's contention that to the degree that a person cherishes an illusory compensation for a concealed sense of inferiority, his endeavours in

the world of reality will be affected adversely, misdirected, and misunderstood by himself. This would appear to be especially true of artists. Artistic creation seems to require a complete loss of self-consciousness on the part of the artist. If he is to convey to the audience a true and clear impression, his own feelings must be clear and uncomplicated by extraneous considerations. If he is absorbed with the mechanics of technique, or engaged in imitating someone else, or if he is distracted by an ever-present image of himself as a Canadian or a communist, or anything else, his art will suffer accordingly. Canadian artists in various fields have sometimes been rather aggressively aware of their nationality, or else have frankly imitated foreign models. In either case this has sometimes meant a degree of subconscious insincerity in the artistic product. The artist need not be blamed for an attitude largely forced upon him by a snobbish and ignorant public, but the fact remains that art has suffered and will continue to suffer so long as the artist cannot forget himself and his nationality in his work. Tom Thomson appears to have been unaffected by self-conscious Canadianism. He painted simply what he felt and saw, as directly as he could, with no conscious rebellion against academies or aesthetic theories.* He expressed therefore a genuine Canadianism, and produced purely Canadian art because he could do nothing else.

It may well be that the conditions in Canada which make it difficult to find many Tom Thomsons are the inevitable concomitant of a growing nationality. Canadians, and particularly the better educated and more sensitive among them, are overly conscious of their nationality in the same way that a boy is overly conscious of the first pair of long trousers. In another generation or two they may learn to take their nationality for granted, as something requiring neither apology nor boast. When that happy day arrives they will begin actually to be Canadians as never before, and Canada's literature, art and modes will reflect the Canadian background truly and surely.

This desirable eventuality is delayed not only by a misguided, because unbalanced adulation of foreign art, business skill, and the like, but by a wrong-headed self-conscious nationalism that refuses to criticize things Canadian, and regards as a kind of treason the comparison on their merits of imported and domestic products. I wonder if the economic reason given for the expatriation of many successful Canadians is a sufficient explanation. This is heresy, I know, but it may be that the Canadian atmosphere of provincial smugness has had something to do with the emigration.

That Canadians will outgrow this attitude is more than probable. It has already been outgrown by many citizens of the United States, who belong neither to the Henry James nor Big Bill Thompson categories. Their Americanism sits easily upon them. They have a place in a genuine culture and they are producing in the arts as in other fields, works which are not necessarily better or worse than foreign ones, but which are truly and unself-

consciously American. It may safely be assumed that Canadians, too, are gradually approaching national maturity. Perhaps the process could be accelerated if Canadians would probe the roots of their own attitudes and thereby achieve a more balanced approach toward Canadian nationality and the rest of the world.

IRVING BABBITT

1856-1933

TO most contemporary readers the late Irving Babbitt was simply the paladin of the New Humanism, the Don Quixote who tilted against the windmills of Naturalism. It was vaguely realized that, besides being a writer of vigorous controversial books and articles, he was a professor of French and Comparative Literature in Harvard University. But the belated Indian Summer of celebrity which the reaction against post-war radicalism brought to his 'Humanism' (preached at Harvard by him for twenty-five years), obscured the perhaps more essential services which Professor Babbitt had rendered as an educationist—services, at all events, which would, if clearly understood, make him an object of admiration and gratitude to many who were alienated by his 'Humanistic' creed. It is to an exposition of these services—and not to his Humanism—that I wish to devote this brief notice on the morrow of his premature death. For the spectacle of intellectual energy and moral courage presented by his life far transcends in importance the endless bickering over a particular theory of life which, to many people, he symbolizes.

At the beginning of this century, what the French call *la fichomanie* reigned supreme in the higher literary studies as pursued in the graduate schools of American universities. That is to say, young men wishing to dedicate their lives to the teaching of Shakespeare, Molière, or Goethe were told that the proper way to prepare themselves was to procure a pile of cards and to cover as many of these as possible with minute, unrelated facts regarding Chaucer's use of the infinitive, or the various names that Achilles had assumed when he hid himself among women. When a sufficient number of these cards had been accumulated their contents could be copied onto sheets of paper with little attention to composition, none to style, and a careful avoidance of analysis or hypothesis. This caricature of scholarship was the result of the blind adoption—with that pathetic imitateness that characterized America in pre-war days—of German methods, and was in glaring contrast with the skilful adjustment that France was making, about the same time, of German science to her own native tradition of taste and critical judgement. It rested fundamentally on the denial of aesthetic or philosophical 'values'. The watch-dogs of this cult—the 'philological syndicate' as Babbitt was to call them—commanded all the approaches to the better positions in America, and woe betide the young aspirant to a career who re-

*See F. B. Houser, *A Canadian Art Movement*, p. 119.

fused to bend beneath the yoke. Yet it was in the very citadel of Ph.D. orthodoxy, in Harvard University itself, that a young David was growing up whose sling was presently to stun the forehead of the philological Goliath. For in 1909 there appeared from the pen of Irving Babbitt, Assistant-professor of French, that epoch-making little volume, *Literature and the American College*, one of the most effective high explosives ever launched into a complacent educational camp. Not only were the doctrines of the 'philological syndicate' riddled with argument and sarcasm, but the Great Cham of American education himself, the venerable Dr. Eliot, still President of Harvard, was not spared. Babbitt actually succeeded in provoking among the Olympians something more than those 'thunders of silence' with which vested academic interests are wont to snub their critics in America. It should be pointed out, however, that it is to the everlasting honour of Harvard University that this audacious young man was nevertheless confirmed in his position and later promoted, ending his days as a full professor. Such a thing could have happened in probably no other American university and certainly in no Canadian one.

Much of the argument in Babbitt's book was the most obvious common-sense, though salted with unusual vigour and wit. He pointed out (what should have needed no pointing out), that Plato, Aristotle, Locke, and Kant were a more indispensable background for the man who was to teach Dante, Voltaire, and Goethe than were the *chansons de geste* or the Eddas, and that, in general, the stress laid on philology and on medieval literature in the preparation for the Ph.D. was fantastic and indefensible. But the really original feature of the book was that it restored a theory of 'values' to literary teaching; and that, as I intimated above, meant to effect a revolution in American graduate school ideals. The particular standard of 'value' which Babbitt preached in and out of season in book after book for the rest of his life was nothing else than the famous 'Humanistic' norm. Here, admittedly, we enter the field of legitimate controversy, and many who would still call themselves 'disciples' of Babbitt are by no means prepared to swear *in verba magistri* on every point of doctrine. The point I am anxious to establish is that, whether we agree or not with the particular scale of values recommended by Babbitt, we owe him everlasting gratitude for having re-instated in the academic world the view that it is the business of every literary scholar and teacher to work out some scale of values, and that a mechanized, 'devaluated' study of literature—such as was exemplified by the average German and American doctoral thesis—was as dust in the mouth of student and professor.

Apart from this special service rendered the cause of the humanities in America, Babbitt's influence radiated in subtler ways from his intellect and personality. He was a type of literary professor common enough in Europe but hitherto unknown in America. Neither his qualities nor his defects were of the same order as those of his colleagues. He combined (in a way that revealed affinities with the French temperament) a devastating critical faculty

with a boundless enthusiasm for propaganda. He took literature and ideas with a seriousness that must have been bewildering to the 'tired philologist' (Babbitt's phrase) who went home at night with relief to his detective stories. His lectures, like his writings, crackled with stinging epigram and keen dialectic. His reading in literature and philosophy was encyclopedic; the currents of Asiatic thought were as familiar to him as those of Europe. Yet this erudition was kept from being a 'frozen asset' by his remarkable gift for apt quotations, which bubbled up from this vast underground reservoir and irrigated all his discourse. Such a personality was likely to have some ill-defended approaches. There was in it a mingling of Johnsonian burliness with American exuberance that gave a certain cheapness, a certain lack of taste, to some of Babbitt's satiric and polemical passages. His mind, though keen and subtle, seemed deficient in delicacy. To use a Pascalian distinction, of which he himself was fond, he had more of the *esprit de geometrie* than of the *esprit de finesse*. He suffered, like all literary scholars in America, from the absence of a national cultural tradition or even—what would be a partial substitute for it—of a tolerable education. Thus he was denied that ease and surety of touch that marks the great European scholars. But the commonest professional charge made against him was that he was not an impeccable scholar—that he was an amateur both in literature and philosophy. The question is too complex to discuss here; but it might be suggested that—granting some truth in the charge—he was at least not as incompetent on the side of scientific accuracy as most of his critics were on the side of aesthetic sensitiveness and philosophic grasp (and the latter happens to be even more indispensable to one who concerns himself with literature than the former). Of one thing I am sure; there is less danger of us losing, in America, the sense of fact than there is of us underestimating the importance of theory and ideas.

Babbitt's most pervasive influence was exerted through his class-teaching. His classes were never large (in my time, at least). He was not a 'popular' lecturer; he did not administer a neatly 'canned' pabulum that could be collected daily, then opened and eaten the night before an examination. The 'Safety First' brigade in the Graduate School avoided him, for he was known to be *persona non grata* with the major divinities who distributed jobs, and associating with him might damage your prospects; verily they have had their reward. But the graduate student who had signed up for three years' Ph.D. 'penal servitude' and who strayed (for he was unlikely to be directed) into Babbitt's class-room came out like a man who had seen a vision. After all, there was a great rock in this dreary land. After all, personality, force of intellect, love of ideas and of controversy had not entirely capitulated to Dry-as-Dust. After that, the candidate might continue to work for his degree; but his soul was saved; the monster could never make him entirely his slave. Among such students were men like Stuart Sherman and Norman Foerster, who went out to become great teachers themselves and to do their bit in giving to American literary scholarship a more

philosophical and critical tone. The 'philological syndicate' was a mighty growth, not to be destroyed in a day; its roots reach yet into most of the literary departments in American universities, but Babbitt had poured poison about them, and the branches and leaves of the tree are slowly withering.

A. F. B. CLARK

CANADIAN Writers of the Past

IX.

PAULINE JOHNSON

PAULINE JOHNSON has a place in the Canadian scene on the same plane as Dr. Drummond and Robert W. Service, and, like them, she enjoyed in her time a wide vogue. Today she is one of our pretty legends: she is the Indian girl who roamed the country she loved and who carried her songs of river and forest and the brave Indian across the sea to the old world, bringing a pungent whiff of woodsmoke and shagganappi into the stuffy drawing rooms of Edwardian London and who, when they buried her body near Siwash Rock, stepped lightly into her frail canoe and paddled off to the Happy Hunting Ground.

If we are to keep the legend intact, we must be careful not to read any of her works, save only perhaps 'The Song My Paddle Sings', the 'Lullaby of the Iroquois', and one or two other school reader pieces. True enough, Tekahionwake's father was a full-blooded Indian, and her grandfather, to quote Lorne Pierce's *Outline of Canadian Literature*, 'was known as "the Mohawk Warbler"', being famous for his vivid oratory. He it was who set fire to Buffalo in 1812'. She did insist, throughout her life, that she was a Redskin, and when she appeared on the public platform it was in buckskin and beads, but from her writing she emerges nothing more nor less than a very genteel lady in a bustle who has nice thoughts about Nature and the proper sentiments toward love and yearning, motherhood, and the manly virtues. Discreetly she extracts the salt from Indian legends and sentimentalizes over them, and her short stories belong to the Sunday-school paper. She waxes rhetorical over the Noble Red Man, but actually she is no more Indian than Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

If there is any value in Pauline Johnson's work for these deplorable days, it lies probably in that 'ideality' which Charles Mair points out as her 'hall-mark'. She might, for instance, restore our belief in fine, clean, cool, upstanding heroes; inspire us with the ideal of the Noble Red Man; and even bring back to favour that grand old Canadian institution, the Mounted Policeman, 'whelp of the Lion's lair', who seems to have fallen on less picturesque days. And we might drink a much-needed courage from the stirring stanzas of 'Canadian Born':

... And every man's a millionaire if only he can brag
That he was born in Canada beneath the British flag.

But on the whole perhaps it would be better to limit ourselves to the Pauline Johnson legend and the little verses that keep it fresh. There must be something very appealing about a legend, for not only did Miss Johnson attain a wide popularity but she seems to have quite disarmed criticism. We have, among others, Charles Mair breathing fondly on her neck and prating about her 'genius' and 'ideality', and Dr. J. D. Logan and Donald French bursting into fireworks, and Lorne Pierce solemnly intoning: 'From being a protagonist for her wronged people, she became a patriot in a wider sense, her view including the Empire, and then, finally, breaking through the last barrier, she embraced the world and sang of humanity.' Logan and French, in their monumental *Highways of Canadian Literature*, intoxicated by the poet's easy rhythms and pretty words, are guilty of mauve patches as bad as her own—worse, because they are supposed to be writing something more sober than sentimental poetry—as when they exclaim that her poems are 'marked by absolutely avian abandon.' They must have meant this, because they repeat the phrase, twice italicizing the *abandon*, and afterwards murmur of 'avian lilt and warbling'. Her love poems, they splutter, are full of 'the most poignant passion and pathos'. They are drunk with her alliterations (*Bent on bullets and bloodshed* is an example they missed) and her 'vowel harmonies' and 'winning cadences' and they indulge themselves voluptuously in her own favourite words, *dulcet*, *haunting*, and the like.

But, of course, Canadian criticism is a matter of dancing round the maple tree.

ROBERT AYRE

FOR ANGELA

Fair Angela, thy breasts to me
Are like—just breasts, and not to be
Compared in Phoebe's lyric strain
With roes a-feeding in the grain
At harvest time; nor even with
Two orchid petals in sweet myth
That come to life, and Venus-sent
Have settled 'twixt your arms and pent
Within your heart your maiden's thoughts.
Fair Angela, in poetic grots
Were virgins' breasts compared to these;
But now I think until he sees
Thy bosom none should write a line:
All others should be judged by thine.

LENNARD GANDALAC



A CANADIAN

By ELEANOR McNAUGHT

IN the early days of September, 1914, a number of the citizens of Jordan Mills took to drilling themselves earnestly. Jordan Mills is a lumbering town disfiguring one of those northern lakes early traversed by Champlain in his first hopeful effort at finding the Pacific. The town is small, its mill not too flourishing, and the beauty of the distant Laurentians and the forests about it is not disturbed.

On one particular day in September, however, the minds of the Jordan Millers were not on scenery. The local I.O.D.E. and the three veterans of the South African war in town had been patriotically busy, and that morning there had arrived from Camp Borden a genuine Drill Sergeant and a Recruiting Officer, with accompaniments. The north end of Tecumseh Street had been closed to traffic for some hours, and in the square before the Town Hall and facing Gorrie's butcher shop, some twenty men and boys were being put through the preliminary paces.

'AwriiitU!' bellowed Sergeant Thomas Smee. Five of the squad turned right, nine turned left, and the remainder stood still with deprecating smiles and uncertain movements of their arms.

With a series of expletives Sgt. Smee turned suddenly to an inoffensive little man, George Barker, the post office assistant, whose thin hand clutched his gun in a perspiring grip, and whose tweed trousers looked less military than anything yet made by man.

'Whatsa matter with you? Are you paralyzed?'

'We didn't know what you said,' explained George reasonably.

The remarks called forth by this harmless speech caused Mrs. Gairns, the I.O.D.E. regent, who had been watching the scene from Mr. Gorrie's window, to withdraw hurriedly, realizing afresh that war was hell, but that we must all stand by the Empire.

In the midst of a laboured explanation of the phonetics of drill orders, Sgt. Smee became conscious that a new onlooker had joined the group of women, children and old men on the town hall lawn. A great, dark fellow, well over six feet, with a face unlike any of those in the drill squad. Black, straight hair, high forehead with leatherlike skin wrinkled over long-sighted black eyes. He had a wide, thin-lipped Indian mouth. His grey flannel shirt was open far down on his chest and his hands thrust deep in the pockets of his corduroy breeches. He leaned back against the pump and surveyed the antics of the squad, languidly chewing tobacco and punctuating his intervals of interest by accurate expectorations of tobacco juice. Sgt. Smee paused and looked approvingly at the magnificent torso, the gorilla-like length and strength of the arms, the clean-cut face. What a man for the army!

'Now's your chance, young man,' he said in a brusquely friendly tone. 'Fall in and do your bit for your country.'

The newcomer looked him impersonally in the eye for a moment but made no reply.

'Well, what's the idea,' complained the Sergeant, turning back to his friend George Barker. 'Don't he speak English?'

George giggled nervously and passed the question on to the rest of the village. Nobody answered, so Smee, with irritation, turned back to the silent length of humanity before him.

'Come on, man. What're ye scaired of? A big fellow like you oughtn't to be afraid of a whole squad of Germans.'

More indifferent silence. The Sergeant's blood pressure was rising. The eyes of the village were fixed on him. With laborious sarcasm he turned his back to his squad and concentrated on the apparently hostile interloper.

'What's your name?'

'Joe Dupen,' was the reply in a surprisingly pleasant voice.

'Well, Joe, do you happen to know there's a war on?'

'I've heard talk about it,' conceded Joe, lazily.

'Oh you have, have you? Well do you happen to know that it's your country that's at war?'

'Never noticed any trouble up our way.'

'You're a Canadian, aren't you?'

'Sure.'

'Well, don't you know that when England is at war, Canada is at war?' The Sergeant became eloquent. 'You can't stay home skulking here when the Motherland needs you. Step up and join the boys.'

Joe listened pleasantly, but made no reply.

'You want to wait till the Germans get over here,' taunted Smee bitterly.

'Any Germans come interfering with me, I guess I can attend to them,' agreed Joe.

Just then a voice called to him from the back of the crowd, and he turned away with leisurely grace, and without a backward glance at Sergeant Smee and his heterogeneous squad of recruits. He was joined by a slightly stooped older edition of himself, Nelse Dupen, his father. Nelse's hair was as thick and black as his son's, but he walked more heavily and spoke more frequently. Both had gentle, penetrating voices, telling of Indian blood. Together they walked down Tecumseh Street toward the waterfront, while Sergeant Smee choked back a natural torrent of indignation and profanity.

'One day we'll have conscription for the like of them,' he predicted, smacking his lips at a mental picture of Joe Dupen being marched to the trenches before a squad with fixed bayonets. 'Where does he come from? Live here?' he asked these questions of George Barker.

'Not exactly,' replied George carefully, as if anxious to impress the Sergeant with his alert mindedness. 'The Dupens has a place down back of Pine Lake. They're a queer lot. Nobody has dealings with them much.'

'Bad crowd, eh?' suggested Smee with gusto.

'I wouldn't go so far as to say that, Sergeant,' corrected George, painfully trying to put things straight to the stranger that had always been ob-

**CHERRY-PITTER**

By GORDON WEBER

vious to Jordan Mills. 'You leave them alone and they won't go out of their way to harm you. They don't hold much by the town, but the worst they do is fish or shoot a bit out of season mebbe. Nobody ever proves anything on them, but they want to be let alone, so we let them.'

'Can't be done, my man,' decided Sergeant Smee, his voice tremulous with rage at his present importance. 'Not in this war. We can't have able-bodied young men skulking off in the woods when they're needed over in France. And you can tell him that plain, anyone who sees him.'

The members of the squad thoughtfully resumed their drilling. More than one of them cast wistful glances after the Dupens, knowing that they would soon be well out on the open water, far from the hot, dusty square and the barking of the Sergeant.

The Dupens did not talk as they made their way to the wharf and unmoored their boat. This was a large, sturdily built launch made by themselves and painted dark brown. It was ungraceful but had a powerful engine, and keeping it in perfect running order was Joe's chief ambition.

They passed through Trout Lake to Turtle Lake, and negotiated the tricky channel to Pine Lake before Nelse broke the silence. Then, as Joe had slowed down to watch an inquisitive family of loons, he queried,

'Did that fellow want you to join up with the soldiers?'

Joe laid his pipe on the seat and felt for a match. 'Yes,' he replied, 'he seemed excited about it.'

The Dupens spoke better English than most of the villagers, though only Joe's eldest daughter could read. The English they had from a Scotch ancestor who had married the half-breed daughter of the French head of the family. This Frenchman had settled in the forest up behind Pine Lake, with his Indian mate, and, discarding from disuse his difficult French name, had become Paul du Pins.

The memory of the scene in the village square vanished rapidly from Joe's mind as he neared home. The boat swung gently round a bend and toward a wharf of floating logs that undulated lazily with the wash of the water. Two large dogs with the flattened noses and stiff hair of the husky, came to meet them, barking viciously.

The landing was placed about halfway down the shore of the lake. There was no inlet, and the placing of it had evidently been done after the choosing of a cabin site, by the original Dupen settler. Exuberant tourists rarely discerned it as it swayed with the rushes, and the few who approached it steered rapidly away at the violent barking of the dogs. Drawn well up on the bank were a home-built, square-ended rowboat, used by the women of the clan, and a good Peterboro canoe, belonging to Joe's eldest boy, Charlie.

The two men followed a winding, uphill path between clumps of poplar and occasional pines. Behind a screen of larger trees they came upon the first of the four cabins that constituted the Dupen settlement. Here Nelse lived with his wife Kate, a French woman whom he had met years ago when lumbering down on the Ottawa. With them lived Jule, the eldest son, whose wife, Rose, had left him.

Some years before, the fiery-tempered Irish girl whom Jule had married during a Christmas celebration at Mattawa, had decided that she liked best the calm, slow-voiced Joe, and as Jule was weary of her tantrums, Rose had ever since been Joe's companion, running his cabin well, and bearing him three children. Father Morrissey had told them that they were living in sin, and then left the problem to the discretion of Heaven.

The pungent odor of frying pickerel greeted Joe's nostrils as he neared his cabin, and he lowered his supplies at the doorway to be unpacked by Rose at her leisure. A wood stove stood in a small lean-to at the rear of the cabin, but was moved into the main room when the frosts of November came. This room had broad, low windows, well protected by overhanging eaves, and sliding back into wooden grooves on warm days. Through these windows the yellow poplar leaves were blowing until the floor inside was almost as well coated as the forest about them. At the oil-cloth covered table stood his daughter, Marie, slicing home-made bread. Marie was fifteen, and could snare muskrats and bear her weight in the portage as well as either of her brothers.

'Did you get your wire?' asked Rose, as she hurried in with two smoking plates of fish and potatoes.

'No,' returned Joe, 'I'll send to North Bay for it. Marie can write. Mack and all of them were out in the street watching a little soldier from the army somewhere marching the men and boys up and down. There was only the young-un in the store.'

'Is some of the boys going from the Mills then, all the way to the war?' exclaimed Rose. 'They must be wantin' to get away bad.'

Joe did not trouble to answer, but ate large portions of fish, with his eyes fixed on the mauve and brown shadows that passed over the distant hills, and the glimpse of Lake Talon lying in their curve.

* * *

The war dragged its way through the years that followed, without any aid from the Dupens. Fishing was good. The autumn haul of venison was unexcelled, and there was less interference than usual from officious game wardens. The Dupens never knew that down in Toronto they were paying as high as \$1.25 a peck for potatoes, and using margarine instead of butter. Their lean-shanked cows supplied their needs, and the patch of clearing kept their root cellar sufficiently filled.

Sergeant Smee, being blind of eye and ardent in the service of Sam Hughes, rose in the ranks and became a person of importance. There was a new bite to his voice when he spoke of slackers and urged conscription. Though this became law by the fall of 1917, it was almost a year before its machinery was well in action. By this time Smee had become Captain and presently had time to establish a recruiting station at Oban, a large town about twelve miles south of Jordan Mills. In memory of the snub he had received from the indifferent Joe Dupen, Smee sometimes felt that if conscription did nothing more than enable him to march Joe to the front it would have served its purpose. His first act on reaching the office at Oban was to notify Joseph

Dupen, Pine Lake, Jordan Mills P.O., that his services were demanded by his country.

This notification was some time in reaching Joe, who had already taken the mail order catalogues for Autumn 1918 home to the women, and did not expect any more mail that winter. The day he was in town for oil George Barker called to him from the Post Office steps, and handed the envelope to him.

'It's been lying round here some time,' observed George, chattily, but Joe shoved it deep in his pocket, with an absent-minded 'Thankye', and passed down the street, to the disappointment of the post office loungers.

'He don't know what's in it,' chuckled George. 'He'll have to get Marie to read it to him.'

George, himself, had been rejected early in the game, because of flat feet.

Conscription had not affected Jordan Mills much, as practically all the young fellows had gone in the first year. Small town life to small town minds has its monotony.

'Well, anyway, Joe Dupen's married,' put in Rob Hackin, a plumber, who had recently come to Jordan Mills from Oban. 'He's got a son near eighteen.'

'Like heck, he's married,' squeaked old Sam Grant with a wheezy chuckle. Sam was a retired farmer who lived on a pittance in a small cottage in the town, and though crippled with rheumatism he hobbled daily to the steps of the post office. There he would sit for hours in a half-comatose condition, but he would always rouse himself, and his eyes become weasel-like at the scent of a nasty story, or the chance of scoring one on the younger, more active generation.

'He ain't married, is Joe Dupen,' wheezed Sam gloatingly. 'That wumman he's living with was his brother's wumman and nothing was ever done about it. That's Catholics for you. Not that I ever seen him going to church. Huh! Huh! Huh! I thought me boy'd get tripped up on that some day. Let any of us fellows here try anything like that,' Sam choked noisily with senile mirth and ingurgitated tobacco juice.

George turned his eyes away from the unpleasant sight.

'I don't suppose the Govment'll know anything about that,' he returned, placatingly. 'Joe's brought up his kids decently, and he's treated the woman all right. How's the Govment going to know she ain't his wife?'

'Oh someone'll let 'em know,' said Sam vindictively.

'You wouldn't blab on him, would you?' asked Rob Mackin.

'No. Oh no,' replied Sam hurriedly. He screwed his watery eyes at them, trying to read their attitude toward Joe. 'That man Smee, that they've made in charge of conscription at Oban was round here this week, and he's bound to hear something, the way women talk.'

'Well he's gone back to Oban now,' said George. 'That's where you've got to go to join up when they send you word.'

'D'you suppose Joe'll go to Oban?' asked Rob Mackin.

'Not him,' laughed George. 'He says the whole

war is just a damfool thing and he ain't interested in it.'

'He'll git intrusted in it quick enough when Smee comes after him,' said Sam. 'They'll send a lot of men, and with baynets, too.' He licked the stained hairs about his mouth with anticipation.

Luke Johnson, the tailor, wandered across the road to join the group. He had told his wife to watch the shop.

'Did Joe get his call?' he asked of George, as he leaned his back against the chewing gum machine that hadn't worked since the first month it had been installed, three years ago.

'Yeh,' interrupted Sam with eager spite, 'But he didn't open it. Just shoved it in his pocket and went off a-whistlin'. He'll whissel another toon when they come after him with their baynets.'

'Here comes Nelse, boys,' said Luke, as Joe's father came up the street with his long, easy stride.

'G'day,' said Nelse impersonally as he passed. Sam Grout was almost incoherent with emotion, but he managed to gurgel out.

'S-say, Nelse. Heard about Joe getting his call?'

Nelse wheeled about and faced them with a pleasant smile. 'What call? What do you mean?'

'It's the notice for him to report at Oban,' explained George in his role of postmaster. 'They've a conscription office over there.'

Nelse's leather-like mouth continued to smile.

'Conscription's got nothing to do with married men with families,' he retorted. 'They haven't any need to call Joe.'

'Married!' chuckled Sam, but as Nelse, still smiling, turned in his direction, Sam produced a brownish-grey handkerchief and blew his nose at great length. Nelse spat carefully within an inch of Sam's boot, then strode on his way to the hardware shop.

It was two days before Sam could get a lift in to Oban, and then it was by forcing his company upon Ed. Williams, the veterinary doctor.

'Granger, down at Oban's having trouble with his cows,' Ed had told George Barker when he called for his mail.

'That's bad. That's bad,' said George, sucking his breath sympathetically. 'Not T.B., is it?'

'Donnow yet. They were inspected in April. He's lost three of them. I'm going over tomorrow morning.'

Sam was waiting at the door of Ed's car when he came down the Post Office steps next morning. Sam gave no visible evidence of having washed himself, but he had pulled a coat over his torn sweater and was wearing his brown fedora hat.

'Not happen that you could give me a lift, Doc?' he wheezed pathetically. 'I'm wanting to go and visit with my niece. She's working at Oban, you know. I ain't seen her this two years.'

'Whatta you want to see her for?' asked Ed incredulously.

'Oh, just to see how she's getting on. I guess her aunt would a liked I should pay her some notice. I can sit here in this back place and see your boxes don't get knocked out.'

Sam was clambering clumsily into the rumble seat as he talked, so Ed, with a good-natured snort,

jumped in, slammed the door and drove off.

Tod McLeod, who was sweeping the boards in front of Johnson's tailor shop, saw them go, and told Luke. When Luke went to get his morning mail he told George Barker, and soon everybody knew that old Sam Grote had gone to Oban to tell Sergeant Smee that Joe Dupen was not married. Smee was greatly pleased, and rewarded Sam so generously that he spent the rest of the day in the Chinese laundry, which was the Oban bootlegery, and then spent the night in the Oban police cell.

From that day the conscripting of Joe Dupen became an obsession with Captain Smee. The sting of his first encounter with Joe had hurt him as only an unintelligent man can be hurt. He realized that, as far as Joe was concerned, Captain Smee, the Act of Conscripting, the Canadian Contingents, and the Great War itself, did not exist.

'You get him, the tyke,' he commanded the three men he sent to round up Joe. 'He's had time and plenty to come in, and he don't intend to. Thinks the Govment's just sending out notices to give him something to light his pipe on, the bloody, . . . ' and so on.

The day the rounding-up party left for Jordan Mills, Nelse Dupen enquired of the stationery counter in the drug store where he could buy a Bible. This started a brief new flurry of excitement in the town, as nobody knew the answer. Nobody bought Bibles in Jordan Mills, either because the family had always had them and received them as Sunday School prizes at intervals, or else because the family had never had one and didn't want one.

'Whatta you want of a Bible, Nelse?' asked George Barker, when his advice was asked. 'I didn't know you Micks used them.'

'Oh yes, we do,' said Nelse impassively, 'one of the pups chewed ours up.'

'Well you send down to Eaton's and they'll send you one,' advised George. Nelse roamed about town till the morning mail had been delivered, and the Post Office deserted, then he went back and got George to write out an order for him to Eaton's for a Bible. Satisfied, he loped down the street and was soon a distant put-putting speck on the water.

The group on the Post Office steps was still chewing the cud of the Dupens' latest move, when the conscription party chugged up in a dusty Ford, enquiring its way. By this time the town was divided in its sympathies. Joe Dupen was a fairly popular fellow who paid his debts and spoke civilly to everybody, even the Orangemen. But there were those whose sons had gone to war, eagerly, if ignorantly, at the beginning, and there was Sam Grote, and there were the Daughters of the Empire who had, red faced and breathless with oratory, urged conscription on the men for weeks before its adoption. These were eager to give information as to the finding of Joe.

The soldiers finally hired Sandy Grant, and his launch, and left, trailing two canoes behind them. This was because Sandy could not make the rocky channel into Pine Lake and they had to leave the launch tied to a stake among the reeds at the left of the opening, while the turtles on the logs about them flopped indignantly into the churned up water. By

dint of clumsy paddling, and dripping from the blaze of the September sun, they drew in to the Dupen wharf at about three o'clock. The dogs made so threatening a charge at them that they contented themselves with shouting for Joe. After a profane interval of waiting, Rose appeared around the bend of the path, her blue apron flapping against her plump legs, and her round face made childlike by the pucker of curiosity between her eyes. She calmly booted one of the dogs aside, and the other followed it, with volcanic rumblings still shaking their throats.

'What you want, Sandy?' she asked, paying no attention to the soldiers with their rifles.

'I got nothing to do with it, Miss Dupen,' said Sandy, clearing his throat apologetically, 'I just come because these fellows wanted my boat.'

The Corporal, a slant-chinned, white eyelashed, ambitious lad of twenty, spoke up.

'We want to see Joe Dupen,' he declaimed in an unnecessarily loud voice.

'Oh Joe,' replied Rose with surprise. 'Why you've come the wrong day. Joe went up the lakes yesterday. He's fixing traps for the winter.'

Corporal Rowley looked to Sandy for confirmation, but failed to catch his eye.

'How far did he go? Which way?'

Rose looked at him candidly.

'Now I don't know how far he'd go, nor which way, once his pack's on him. He might be gone for weeks, he might.'

A flush, redder than the sunburn, surged up Rowley's neck. He looked at his men in silent rage for a moment. Then he turned to Sandy.

'That's a lie, isn't it? They don't go setting traps this early.'

'Don't ask me, Mister. I don't set traps, less its rat traps.' Sandy gave a feeble chuckle which was ignored.

Rowley grasped the stake to which the log wharf was fastened, and swung himself out of the canoe, shipping water as he did so. His two companions followed him. Rose showed no concern as they strode up the path, followed by the two dogs, and left Sandy sitting gloomily behind in his canoe. As they rounded the bend a number of children scuttled back into the bushes from which they watched, happy with excitement. The scattered cabins surprised Rowley and he turned to Rose to ask which one belonged to Joe. This he entered without ceremony, and having disturbed it as much as possible, with no success, he emerged and stood staring about on the serene landscape with an angry face.

'I suppose he saw us coming, and just lit out,' he grumbled to his men. 'We might as well look round in the trees there. He'd stay near enough to come in for his grub.'

Looking about in the woods was a hopeless task, as none of the three knew anything about woodcraft, and Joe might have been safely hidden over their heads or a dozen trees in front of them. They spent half an hour stumbling over the underbrush and swearing with the heat, and then turned back to the waiting Sandy. Marie sat at the door of her cabin, coring apples to be dried for the winter.

'You can tell Joe Dupen when he comes in to-

night that we're coming back, and we'll get him, good and plenty,' was Rowley's parting shot, but Marie did not raise her head.

Back in Oban that night, when Captain Smee's wrath had blunted its edge, he showed Rowley a note, childishly written on pink paper, which read:

The Recruiting Officer at Oban. Dear Sir. It's no use for you to come for Joe Dupen. You can't take men who are more than fifty years old and Joe was fifty years old last August.

Your friend X

Nelson Dupen.

The X was evidently Nelse's signature, and the note had been carefully written by his granddaughter.

'Well then,' complained Rowley, 'What's the good of chasing round after an old fella like that. What's the stew?'

'Fifty me eye,' snapped Smee. 'I seen him, didn't I? That guy's not forty. Great big, husky devil, skulking back there and keeping the others from joining up. He's dodged over a year now. He thinks he don't have to fight if he don't want to. I'll dam well show him.'

'But,' protested Rowley, 'some of these chaps living out here live to be all sorts of ages and look like youngsters. I read about a fellow once. It's living out of the city does it.'

'Gas. He's nowhere near fifty. Just another little scheme they thought out. They're sly skunks, these natives out here. Anyway, how're they going to prove it? Brats born out here don't get registered. They haven't anything to prove it. He'll be just as old as I say he is. Get me?'

'Yes, sir,' answered Rowley in a weary voice as he went to his room to remove his grimy clothing.

The search for Joe continued intermittently for several weeks, interrupted at times by other business. Futile efforts were made to assist, by army planes, but Joe's blanket of trees was comfortably impenetrable. When Nelse secured his Bible he had Marie inscribe the names of his family on the virgin fly-leaf, taking care by arithmetic to see that the date of Joe's birth placed him beyond the clutches of the army. Then, to the excitement of Jordan Mills, he made a dignified visit to Oban, by way of the morning freight, to prove his point to Smee.

Smee was too smart to be fooled, however. He ran his eye down the list of names, with their round-hand, careful writing, until he came to 'Joseph Anthony Dupen, August 6th, 1856.' He flipped the crisp, new pages over with his thick fingers.

'When did you get this?' he sneered. He turned to the front again, and at the bottom of the dedication page was the date 1910.

'The pup chewed up our old one,' answered Nelse, serenely.

'Yeh! Well he can chew this one, too, for all the good it is to you.' Smee was exasperated. He wished that the Germans could have landed just one squad at Jordan Mills to scare these country yokels into realizing the importance of war. He slung the shiny, black book to the desk before him, where it lay, looking smugly reproachful. 'Looka here, Dupen. You can't make a monkey outta me. You know where Joe is, and I bet you see him whenever you

want to. Well you tell him if he don't turn himself in smart, it'll be a shooting party for him when he does. See!'

Nelse's face showed a faint trace of worry, but he went off home, leaving the shiny Bible on the Captain's desk. He got a ride back to Jordan Mills with the section men on a jigger, and told Rose that night that it looked as if Joe would have to keep to the woods a bit longer.

Joe had little trouble in evading the heavy-booted soldiers who came crashing through the undergrowth from time to time, shouting to each other and tossing about careless matches. When they had gone he always took care to find these smoking bits in the turf and stamp them well out. But the nights were closing in early and white frosts were giving place to hard black frosts. His visits to the cabin became more open and lasted longer. Finally came the day when he got the big deer over in the channel bush behind Talon. He hadn't got one like that in the past ten years. Probably because the gay-coated shooters from the city and the States had been scarce this year. Anyway it was too good a thing to keep to himself. Nelse had to see that deer, war or no war. It was a long trek back, and he came, weary, but satisfied, into the clearing, just as a fresh squad of soldiers, led by Smee himself, came up from the landing.

'It's him, boys! We've got him,' shouted the Captain, half hysterical with relief and spite. 'Up with your hands, or they'll shoot.'

The men presented their muskets, and Joe dropped the deer and sat on a stump by the door. He made no effort to raise his hands, to Smee's profane irritation, so two of the soldiers got rope and bound his arms. The Dupen children came running from the cabins to see what was wrong, and Rose appeared in the doorway, wiping her hands, and with the corners of her mouth turned down, but never a tear in her angry eyes. Nelse walked slowly from the bush, his back more bent than usual. His eyes met Joe's for a moment. Then he walked over to examine the deer, measuring the massive antlers.

'Ye got a good one that time, Joe, he said. 'Where'd you find him?'

'Get moving now,' commanded Smee. 'There's been too much jawing about you already. Get around him, you fellows, and shoot him if he don't go quiet.'

Joe rose heavily to his feet, looked round on his assembled family with a faint smile, his eyes resting last on Nelse.

'Oh he's a new one, that,' he answered, as he moved off down the path, two soldiers on either side and one in the rear. 'He must of come up from Nipissing. You'll likely get the doe if you stick round the channel next few days.'

Smee stared at the assembled faces to make sure that the arrest was having its proper effect on these rebels, but got no satisfaction. Impassively they turned from him and went back to their interrupted tasks. Joe, bound in the canoe, and far out on the lake could see the waving of branches up in the clearing, scarcely discernible.

It was a bitterly cold trip back. Ice was already crusting the lake's surface here and there, though

the sun had not yet gone down. The population of Jordan Mills was mostly at supper when the party passed through on its way to Oban, and the dust-laden wind blowing dead leaves and paper through the deserted street depressed even the exultant Smee. The roads were frost-hardened and rough, and there was little conversation until the truck came to the pavement of Oban's main street. Then Smee stiffened and sat forward in his seat.

'Now what's gone wrong?' he demanded.

Shouts were borne to them on the wind, and the incessant, rhythmless pounding of a drum. Even as they passed the 'Welcome to Oban' sign by the roadside the firehall bell began to ring violently. A boy came toward them on roller skates, waving aloft a corn broom which had been set afire.

'Stop and ask that young fool what the row's about,' shouted Smee, who had been disturbed by rumours for the past week, and now feared the worst. The brakes squealed, and the urchin circled about them as the car came to a stop.

'The peace's been signed. The peace's been signed,' shouted the lad—he to whom the ending of the shambles in Europe meant a holiday from school

and the chance to set fire to something without punishment.

Smee looked bitterly at the back seat where sat Joe Dupen with rope bound arms. The car jerked into motion.

'Wait a bit,' he barked at the driver. Then to his men, 'We don't want him now. He's no good to us. Drop him.'

'We could run him into town and he might get a lift back,' suggested Rowley, valiantly.

'We've no right to hold him, now it's over,' snapped Smee. 'Out with him. You're not demobilized yet, Rowley.'

Joe rose as soon as the ropes were removed, eased his stiffened muscles and stepped out to the road.

'Now step on it,' commanded Captain Smee. 'God, won't I be glad to get back to a city, where people act human, and away from these dam savages up here.'

Joe Dupen straightened as he walked into the darkening night, and soon he was striding tremendously, his body a flame of life, back to the lake, whistling an old French cradle song as he went.

LEO KENNEDY

And the Resurrection of Canadian Poetry

By W. E. COLLIN

NO one who has followed the articles on Canadian poets recently appearing in THE CANADIAN FORUM can be in any doubt about the feelings our young poets entertain towards their predecessors. L. A. MacKay rejects Carman as American and favours Pratt, Livesay, and Klein; and now Leo Kennedy, writing of another immortal, Archibald Lampman, says that 'the current generation of Canadian poets . . . has chucked him out, neck, crop, and rhyming dictionary.' As the year proceeds the other idols of the past will undoubtedly be brought to dust by the blasts of these iconoclasts of whom Kennedy, I think, is the most passionately destructive.

Kennedy has had many ups and downs. He was born in Liverpool twenty-five years ago and came to Canada when he was five. His family was not literary, and what books were found in the house were brought in by Kennedy who, for seven years, served as a shipping clerk and book-keeper in his father's ship-chandler's business. I have heard that as a youngster he cleared off to sea and spent four months peeling potatoes and washing dishes on a C.P.R. tramp among West Indian ports.

His literary adventures began with his meeting the men who ran *The McGill Fortnightly Review* (1926-1928): F. R. Scott, A. J. M. Smith, Alan Latham, and Leon Edel. When the *Fortnightly* ceased, *The Canadian Mercury* was launched, and continued through six numbers, from December, 1928, to June, 1929; Kennedy was associated with Jean Burton, F. R. Scott, and Felix Walter on the editorial board. And when the *Mercury* closed its doors the subscribers' list was taken over by THE CANADIAN FORUM which has since published much

of the work of the Montreal writers: Felix Walter is an associate editor.

A little later than the founding of *The Canadian Mercury* Kennedy went to New York and married a Jewess. In many ways the New York experience was a wretched one. Kennedy was a reporter for *The World*, reviewed for *The Bookman*, *The Commonwealth*, *The Herald Tribune* and a little journal published by the E. P. Dutton Company. He also brought his book-keeping into service. Then, during the consternation caused by the breaking of the stock market, they returned to Montreal.

It is obvious that Kennedy has been more concerned with living than with studying. He is an emotional, not a learned man: and his emotions make his anatomy quiver and jerk. He was born to translate those emotions into their artistic verbal equivalents. And, however much he may be preoccupied with the metaphysical poets and their twentieth-century representatives, he is unfitted to write criticism in any way comparable to T. S. Eliot's or poetry like Klein's: nor are his critics likely to place his poems in parallel series with Paul Valéry's, for the simple reason that he has no metaphysics. Kennedy does not start with philosophical concepts as a basis for his poetry. That has saved him from falling into errors of allusionism and conceptism. His poetry may show an early indulgence in Elinor Wylie ('Reproach to Myself', 'Martha and Mary'), and the close, smooth grain of his sonnets), and T. S. Eliot ('Rite of Spring' and the sickly 'Litany for Our Time'), but he feels life intensely enough to be able to nourish his own language without recourse at every turn to the old masters. He can recite pages of Eliot, but if he ever imitates such

lost words as:—

If the lost word is lost, if the spent word is spent,
If the unheard, unspoken
Word is unspoken, unheard . . .

he is lost. Take John Donne and Saint John out of those lines and let the evening breezes blow away the downy seeded milkweed.

We have no immediate cause for fear. Kennedy has been trying to find life and to find himself; prospecting for a metal fine enough to surrender itself wholly to the impress of his emotions; searching for the Word and the Myth which would be the perfect literary vehicle of his sensibility. He is very fortunate to have found these things; they will permit him to unfold his dimensions and reveal his greatness.

Of the contributors to *The Canadian Mercury*, A. J. M. Smith, especially, was inclined to metaphysical poetry and had something to convey to Kennedy: a dissatisfaction with lyrical poetry, and interest in Eliot. But Kennedy, I think, owes more to Eliot: readings in seventeenth-century literature and directions for finding the Myth.

Ten years ago Eliot observed that we object to 'the simplification and separation of the mental faculties' and opined that 'one of the characteristics of Donne which wins him . . . his interest for the present age is his fidelity to emotion as he finds it.*' Precisely the same feelings are behind Kennedy's censure of Lampman: 'For all his careful observation, little in the form of an emotional climax comes out of it.† But in poetry, crude emotional conflicts may give us no more esthetic satisfaction than photographic descriptions. Kennedy's reading has touched his emotions in a very important way. In *The Golden Bough* he discovered the Myth. The Myth permeated, became one substance with his Emotion and engendered all his poems; which are the living figures of his unified sensibility—a rare possession that present-day critics have lauded in Donne and the others.

* * *

Webster was much possessed by death
And saw the skull beneath the skin

Donne, I suppose, was such another.
(T. S. Eliot)

Along a street in Verdun, Montreal, there is a Funeral Home, easily visible by day and illuminated by night. Donne in his shroud was not nearer death than Kennedy as he listened to the mortician's details of a modern embalming:—

When washing a body, padding a cheek, or clearing the entrails out of some blue abdomen, Caleb's fingers deftly danced.

'Death comes for the Undertaker.'
Arrange their waxen limbs with care.

Lid the flat staring eye, as pale as ice;
Bind up the fallen jaw; then fold the palms
Decorously upon the breast.

the oaken coffin and the pall . . .
The rented purple hangings in the hall
Over the torn wallpaper . . . and the frail
Blossoms of candles sepulchral pale.

It may appear on a first reading that Kennedy moves between the Funeral Home and the Cemetery; that he has built his poetic on a passage from Sir Thomas Browne: *'Now, since these dead bones have already outlasted the living ones of Methuselah . . . what Prince can promise such diuturnity unto his relics, or might not gladly say:—

"Sic ego componi versus in ossa velim."

That is no more than a surface impression. He is faithful to 'emotion as he finds it'; but he has used his experience and emotions as primitive peoples used imitative magic, to revive life in the ground: as a poet he has graced the gruesome paraphernalia of death and burial in Montreal with the anemones of the Syrian Adonis:—

Weep not for Adonais . . .

In that way he has made us look upon present life as a continuation of the past history of the race; he has enriched human experience by 'widening the domain of reality', as Eliot would say.

Living in a country once inhabited by Indians, Kennedy might reasonably have connected our funeral rites with the ceremonial of death among the Algonquins and Iroquois. But the place was not as powerful an influence as the moment. Kennedy grew up in the relaxing atmosphere which settled upon our Waste Land after the war and, following Eliot's lead, he discovered new gods: Attis, Osiris, and Adonis. In *The Golden Bough* he read that the annual ceremony of the death and resurrection of Adonis was a dramatic representation of the decay and revival of plant life; and that the Easter celebration of the dead and risen Christ may have been 'grafted upon a similar celebration of the dead and risen Adonis . . . celebrated in Syria at the same season'. That was the link that Kennedy wanted, for out of the scuttling of his Catholicism, the thing that he had cherished and preserved was the Easter Cycle (Life—Death—Life); the most amazing thing to him. So it is that the Myth has fertilized his Canadian sensibility, made it bring forth solemnly beautiful and strangely moving poems:—

April is no month for burials.

Blood root and trillium break out of cover.

Where sapling boys and girls are sweetly aching
For willow sprouts, and the smell of fresh earth breaking

And girls now seedlings in their father's reins.

In all countries, I suppose, from time beyond record, Spring Songs have been sung and Spring Rites celebrated—even in Canada before the Puritan and Victorian occupation. Why was Lampman, who leaned upon the Mighty Mother, so insensible to the flow of sap under the maple bark and in his own organs? He revolted against the Church yet he was not vigorous enough to wean himself from an

**The Nation and the Athenæum*, June 9th, 1923.

†*The Canadian Forum*, May, 1933.

**Hydriotaphia, or Urn Burial*.

effete poetic tradition. We have privately admired him for a few stylistic powers which he possessed and made little use of; in our hearts we have reproached him for not humanly fertilizing Canadian nature. There were celebrated anthropologists in his day; but Tylor, occupied largely in discussing animism, a religion of spirits rather than One Spirit, did not present to Lampman a glorified Figure of the Resurrection. Lampman needed a Myth. We are dissatisfied with his Aprils and Octobers after reading Kennedy's 'Epithalamium before Frost' and:—

WORDS FOR A RESURRECTION

Each pale Christ stirring underground
Splits the brown casket of its root,
Wherefrom the rousing soil upthrusts
A narrow, pointed shoot . . .

And bones long quiet under frost
Rejoice as bells precipitate
The loud, ecstatic sundering,
The hour inviolate.

This Man of April walks again . . .
Such marvel does the time allow . . .
With laughter in His blessed bones,
And lilies on His brow.

This Man of April walks again!

Of all the descriptions of resurrected gods, as Adonis spirit of the corn; of all the descriptive phrases that Fray Luis de Leon meditated upon in *De los Nombres de Cristo* none, I feel, has more power to move our imaginations than that; except Christ's own: I am the Bread of Life. We may take that little poem apart, unweave the ideas and references, open our hearts to the emotion, and then read it over again to marvel at its subtle perfection. I know of no Canadian poem in which there is such absolute and beautiful blending of thought and feeling, such amazing unity of being.

This young poet, as Adonis, as Christ, dies in order to live. He dramatizes death in order to reveal a sequel: perennial resurrection. He faces corruption and dissolution in order to magnify the immortality of beauty. Job's words are his: 'I have said to corruption, Thou art my father: to the worm, Thou art my mother and my sister.' But he has espoused Death in order to cry Epithalamium! The paradox is a discovery of startling poetic power:—

Now shall I cry Epithalamium!

—even while the sap is retreating before the pricking frost!

The title 'Epithalamium' in Donne suggested to Kennedy names for some of his poems. This one he first called 'Sequel':—

EPITHALAMIUM

This body of my mother, pierced by me,
In grim fulfilment of our destiny,
Now dry and quiet as her fallow womb
Is laid beside the shell of that bridegroom
My father, who with eyes towards the wall
Sleeps evenly; his dust stirs not at all,
No syllable of greeting curls his lips,
As to that shrunken side his leman slips.

Lo! these are two of unabated worth
Who in the shallow bridal bed of earth

Find youth's fecundity, and of their swift
Comminglement of bone and sinew, lift
—A lover's seasonable gift to blood
Made bitter by a parched widowhood—
This bloom of tansy from the fertile ground:
My sister, heralded by no moan, no sound.

In the old Semitic myths the reproductive energies of nature were personified as male and female; water was especially identified with the one power and earth with the other. In Kennedy the soil is a matrix; 'pools of melted snow', 'water slurring underground' we may consider the sperm and promise of future life. Spring shoots will pierce the matrix of the soil: then we may lay the crocuses, hyacinths, ragweed and lilac leaves upon our sorrowing hearts and bind the April grass about our brows. The mad Pope Hadrian fled to his villa to grow blooms:—

He found such pleasure in the roots of things
That plot a resurrection out of sight.

Kennedy moves the idea of resurrection from place to place with intent to dramatize the revelation. He finds a Hamlet sinking 'beneath the treason of his esteemed flesh'; a philosopher moving unwillingly into the 'still repository of his dust'; a widow sitting over her dead husband, thinking of Christ's 'Come forth Lazarus' . . . and hearing only 'the rattling of a hearse'; a recluse 'wry and arid in her soul' poisoning herself and quickly realizing that 'life was the precious gift'. He finds occasion to write his own epitaph:—

SELF EPITAPH TO BE CARVED IN SALT

His heart was brittle;
His wits were scattered;
He wrote of dying
As though life mattered.

A pleasing subtlety of conception in 'Exile endured', one of his chaste and melodious sonnets, is due to the marriage of his Emotion with the Vegetation Myth:—

I
Who have grown harsh and arid under stone
That shrivels up the heart, and splits the bone!

'Daughter of Leda', without the Myth would be a Pre-Raphaelite exercise. The Myth has engendered life in the soil of his poetry:—

Afix with gummy maple sap
The tear that widens at each thrust
Of ragweed straining from the dust.

For all the beauty winter cannot kill.

gaunt unresurrected sons of God,
Crocus bulbs parched and patient under sod.

the drip
Of snow water through the dark.

The Myth swells his lines with so much meaning:—

Bind up this heart that splits and bleeds.

. . . I pass
Among bleached bones of summer.

Kennedy's poetry is not a game played by a cold brain organized in this or that fashion but a soul's experience, ardent and alive, breathed into harmoni-

ous rhythms and rolling chants—the music of a harmonized sensibility. His long lines (which invite comparison with those of Archibald MacLeish) have the power and solemnity of a great drama:—

Gather the fringes of earth, then draw together
The parts of this brown wound, and bind them fast
With measured stitches of your spade, Gravedigger.

Eyes misted with passion, the lids heavily asworn,
The nails bruising the palms in ecstasy . . .
The long shuddering breath, and the ensuing quiet.

And weep and curse and smash your heart to bits.

As he found life in death, so he has searched for words which, though old and decaying, have a quick potency in their dry roots; Saxon words (here again we think of MacLeish) taking us back beyond the Elizabethans to the beginnings of our poetry: leman, charily, cleave, rime:—

How shall I cleave me from my works?

He has found the Word, as he found the Myth, and entered into the vital being of it to make it his. The reader is conscious of this reintegration in his best stories (for example, 'A Priest in the Family') and in every line of his poetry:—

Now that leaves shudder from the hazel limb,
And poppies pod, and maples whirl their seed.

And rime surmised at morning pricks the rim
Of tawny stubble, husk and perishing weed.

And the first crocus hoists its yellow crest!

Nature's periods thrust themselves into our lives in Canada more violently than in other countries and we scorn them at our peril. Yet what Prince among us has promised diuturnity to his relics by turning his emotions outward among those eternal processes? Vanity, says the Preacher:—

All these things endured their time and are broken,

says the Poet, too—that he might hail the Resurrection! The Triumph of Life is a trivial word until it illumines the darkness of our flesh.

A new Myth had to blow over our frost-bound Canadian fields that a new Poet might marvel at the miracle of 'water slurring underground' and chant the unfailing quickening of Beauty and Love.

He shall grow up . . . as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground.

*The Canadian Forum, April, 1933.



VERSES

By LEO KENNEDY

REFLECTION FOR A SUNDAY MORNING

Bells in this steeple drip with sound when ushering
a bride;
And dully toll with clumsy tongues when such-an-
one is dead.
For souls new sprung and laved in grace they fling
ecstatic peals—
Announce each novice to the font in liquid syllables.
They stammer through the Angelus; drowse out the
Vesper note;
Flute Matins thinly; sigh and swoon when Christ is
lifted up!

I BEING AFFLICTED

What hand shall pluck this hyacinth, and what
breast

Shall wear it proudly, does not matter here,
And where and how it withers, I protest,
Is nothing to me, provokes no dread or fear;
And how these lilies fare, and how go back
Into the soil's matrix, and whether this grass
Shall perish by fire or frost, or from a lack
Of grain, does not disturb me—let it pass.

I am too long away from copse and hedge
To care what fate besets each twig and leaf,
To mourn for bindweed trampled, or feel for sedge
Blistered by drought, the sudden prick of grief,
Who have grown harsh and arid under stone
That shrivels up the heart, and splits the bone!

CONTRIBUTORS

W. E. COLLIN is on the staff of the University of Western Ontario. He is a frequent contributor to Canadian and American periodicals.

LENNARD GANDALAC lives in Montreal, where he makes his living by writing. He is the author of a musical comedy, and has had stories in THE CANADIAN FORUM, The ADELPHI (London), and other magazines.

MONA GOULD has done newspaper work on the London ADVERTISER and St. Thomas TIMES-JOURNAL. She is free-lance contributor to Canadian and English magazines.

ELEANOR McNAUGHT, who lives in Toronto, has contributed stories to THE CANADIAN FORUM and other magazines.

J. H. SIMPSON is a Canadian, at present living in the United States. He is a regular contributor to the financial journals and has had articles and sketches published in a number of American periodicals.

GEORGE WHITLEY, JR., having graduated from Dalhousie University, studied at Toronto and is now Marine Zoologist to the Newfoundland Research Commission. He comes from a seafaring family and has cruised extensively in Northern Newfoundland and Labrador waters. His articles and short stories have appeared in Canadian and American periodicals.

OF OLD ONTARIO

By MARY QUAYLE INNIS

THE hedgerows of England—many are their prophets and eloquent, and little do they scruple to cast derisive epithets at wire fences and, therefore, at us, the builders of them. But our fences are not all of wire and I hope they never will be. Not that a wire fence dotted with bobolinks like a staff with notes of music is a sight to be disregarded. But a rail fence is a glory to any land, homely and beautiful as only a homely thing can be beautiful. The rough gray zigzag stretching away against the margin of a green woodlot like a pewter bowl to hold foliage is one of the loveliest sights the country can show. This fence has its utility, too, for it is often easier to lower rails to make a gap for the cows to pass through than to jerk and drag open a long, sagging wire gate.

The rail fence owes half its charm to the beauty of its seasoned, unpainted wood. I have seen rails like sculptured silver, the wood gray and rich, with an almost iridescent sheen on its surface. Aesthetically I cannot hold with the demand for paint. Undoubtedly a painted farm house looks tidier and is more economical than an unpainted one, but paint belongs to the department of thrift and not that of beauty. The dark gray of a very old unpainted country house melts into its background as water drops into a pond. The boards become almost black, with a rich variation in colour according to the fall of sunlight and the play of rain. The dilapidated barn and cluttered yard may give the place an air of hopelessness but by the door of the house will stand a lilac, tall as the eaves, spreading its own roof of purple bloom. Or a great honeysuckle covered with pink blossoms like butterflies, for these old, neglected houses have old, neglected bushes that repair the neglect with miracles of towering size and reckless profusion of bloom. Or before the door flare tiger lilies in a savage brilliance fit to set the dry old timbers on fire.

The rail fence of these clearings is the most beautiful of fences but it is the mark of rich, hardwood country and is, therefore, not everywhere to be found. Sandy, pine districts have their own glory in that crown of our indigenous products—the stump fence. The stumps, prostrate giants with arms and legs brandished in endless unavailing struggle, lie half buried in raspberry canes against which they are as helpless as Gulliver against the men of Lilliput. A stranger as he walked a country road after dark might well take fright to see wild branches flourished black and forbidding against the placid sky.

A country as far-reaching as Canada embraces so many types of beauty that a sectional spirit is necessary in considering them. They must be treated and admired separately and not compared. There is no setting off the tide-washed valleys of the Maritimes against the water and rocks of the north country, or the prairies with their elevators and poplar bluffs against the exotic west coast. Southern Ontario, like Scotland, is a cradle country from which population has been spreading north and west for more than a generation, is not much sung for its beauty but it is not the less regarded. It is loved

as home is always loved, but without parade. Its face, like a mother's, is beautiful for its familiarity, not for its perfection or its artistic reputation.

But the old land of villages and streams, pastures and sand hills and sugar bush is very beautiful and will find its tongues of praise. The sugaring season with its tingle of keen air, thin singing golden beech leaves and radiant sun is past now and the ground so far softened that one walks on deep, red-brown mold sinking to the foot like a Turkey carpet. Flowers are a bewilderment. Jack in his green pulpit richly lined with cream and purple stripes, wild lilies of the valley, violets and shining trilliums and the May apple with its secret waxen flower, properly called mandrake, but oftener umbrella. From under a veil of dead grass gleam brilliant red squawberries between their shining dark leaves, and there through the sprouting oats goes a killdeer with its quick, pretty run. On a green mossy log that slants into the dark water of the wood-pond, shiny gray turtles are strung like graduated beads. Approach, however softly, and they slide off one by one and are gone with scarcely a splash. Holstein cows lie like a vivid black and white applique on the green grass of the adjoining meadow under the moist, sparkling, unbelievable brightness of the spring morning. It is a picture almost too lovely to bear and yet every farm can show its like.

Avoiding the beauty—often praised yet never praised enough—of cherry and apple trees in their flowering glory and in their later, dignified and less ethereal splendour of glowing fruit, of old gardens tangled with bleeding heart, love-in-a-mist, shaggy peonies, and the frail pink and mauve of annual larkspur, there are other spectacles only not worth going miles to see because they are already under our eyes. Along a country road in summer a blue-green field of timothy follows a pea field white with blossoms, then comes corn, well up, its glossy green ribbons flying in the wind and pale yellow rye just heading out. Close by the road stand tall milkweeds with their loose pink flower clusters, richly fragrant, and the forming pods that will yield soft floss for little girls to make into dolls' mattresses. Wild orange-red lilies grow rank where the ditch holds standing water and behind them within the swamp shine golden waves of marsh marigold.

But no wild flowers are finer than those of early fall when goldenrod lights the fields with wild asters darkening from white to mauve and pinkish purple. Chicory blooms then, the loveliest of all blue flowers, and on a hillside near the fine white medallions of the elderberry, a sumach sets its thick green branch tips on fire.

The English poet, with that divine confidence which of all things English we Canadians need most to learn, sings the cuckoo with assurance that of all birds the cuckoo most perfectly expresses the joy of early spring or the anguish of ingratitude or whatever emotion comes appropriately to the pen. It would never occur to him to apologize because the cuckoo is not a parrot or his oak a palm. But the Canadian, accepting the cuckoo as the only authentic vehicle of these emotions and failing cuckoos,

does not venture to write of birds at all and so strengthens the calumny that Canada has no singing birds. The country on any fine day rings with bird songs, of which the sharp, high running note of the bobolink is chief. And there is the less noticed, friendly, summerlike chirp of the grasshopper that mingles with the far-off chatter of a reaper and brings with it the warm, dusty, delicious smell of clover under a July sun. Grasshoppers for summer, frogs in their soft, throaty chorus for the rainy beginnings of spring, and katydids sharp in the September twilight, when someone on the dark verandah says, in a voice surprised and faintly sorrowful, 'Six weeks till frost.'

The cry of the katydid with its prophecy of burning maples and bronzed oaks, presages also a sound most typically and wholly ours. Early in the morning when the window shades shine transparent with the brightness outside comes the creak of snow after a cold, windless night. There is no sound like it; it is as unique as the brittle tip-tap of branch on branch after that miracle above all weather miracles—an ice storm.

Snow changes and makes beautiful a drab landscape but snow is after all a normal, ponderable substance governed by the law of gravity, subject

to dinginess and age and watery decay. The year knows no change so literally magical as that which sheathes with crystal every twig and blade so that trees become great inverted chandeliers out of a looted ballroom and the ground a carpet of grass spiked everywhere with glittering glass sabres. The transformation is perfect in detail as no stage illusion or work of art is ever perfect. Unnoticed wires become ropes of crystal and eaves are fringed with rows of glass prisms. The sun blazes with such brilliance upon the sparkling facets of ice that seeing becomes as impossible as walking. For unlike a great glacier or waterfall or mountain peak, the ice storm is a domestic spectacle which comes suddenly and at no cost to the doorstep of the humblest householder and is most safely admired from one's own window.

Indeed, it is very difficult to choose for beauty between the ice storm with its spectacular grandeur and a spring day in its more comfortable loveliness. Or a day in hay harvest perhaps or an autumn hillside giving off the sharp scent of pine that makes one's breath draw deeply. For they are all encompassed in the variety that is perhaps our most amazing and exhilarating attribute.

LEAVES FROM A LOG

By GEORGE WHITELEY, Jr.

Schooner Mona, Gulf of St. Lawrence. 9 a.m.

I WAS awakened in the night by a commotion on deck. Through the open hatchway I could see the tall form of Captain Joncas at the wheel. The glare of the binnacle light fell full on his weather-beaten face. He was anxiously watching the flapping sails and giving hurried orders in French. A moment afterwards I felt the schooner lurch; then I heard the rattling of tackle overhead and a peaceful gurgle as we moved through the water. A breeze at last. How grateful I was none can understand but those who have been becalmed for two days in a Northern fog. Over the Captain's head I could catch a glimpse of the Little Dipper and a few faint streamers of the Northern Lights. We were heading Southward at last.

When I came on deck this morning, the sand hills of Natashquan and the limestone cliffs of Mingan had disappeared and we were running along the wild, rugged coast of Anticosti. A heavy surf was beating at the base of the cliffs that towered from five hundred to one thousand feet far above the tiny schooner scudding along within their shadow. The interior of the island appeared heavily wooded with pine and hemlock. Near West Point, which we were rapidly approaching, the land sloped more gradually to the sea and formed a little harbour, where lay three or four small fishing schooners with tan coloured sails. As we neared the Point the wind freshened and soon was blowing half a gale. By breakfast time we had rounded the Point and were heading straight for Trinity Bay. The South Shore mountains were just visible, hanging like a cloud-bank over the horizon.

The wind squalls have now become so fierce that

the white-crested waves are beaten down and lathered into frothy foam. Large black-backed sea-gulls and cormorants are hovering in the air and taking advantage of the commotion soar and dive before the wind.

At last we are making rapid progress; and if the wind does not slacken a day at most will bring us to Point de Monts. Frank is growing weaker every hour. The terrible disease, whatever it may be, is fast wearing him out. To think of Frank Daniels, heir to half Thetford, dying by inches in the stuffy cabin of this miserable little trading schooner.

Later: The wind soon failed us and the fog closed in. We rise and sink with sickening regularity on the heavy swell. Frank breathes with difficulty. We have taken out the upper berth so that he can have more room. He says little and is very patient.

3 p.m.: It is all over. I had been with him for over an hour and thought him fast asleep. I had taken out the chart and was calculating as well as I could our position. Only one hundred and fifty miles from Point de Monts, where we hoped to find a physician or medicine at least. I was beginning to feel hopeful again when I was startled by a deep groan from Frank. A glance at his face sufficed to tell me that the end was come. I called the others and tried to make him swallow a little brandy. He murmured a few words of which all I could catch were, 'Mother—West Gate—' I think he fancied that he was home again, and, driving up that pleasant English road from Great Yarmouth, saw through the trees his mother waiting to welcome him; just as she stood that cool autumn morning and watched him drive through the West Gate and lingered for a last

glimpse of him. It was his last memory of home.

We wrapped him in his blankets and laid him in the little canoe in which he had spent so many happy days. I thought of the first time that I met him. It was the night that I stumbled on his camp by Bel Amour rapid. He was cleaning his rifle by the fire-light and telling a merry story. And that was only a month ago.

Midnight: It is bright moonlight. The fog cleared away later in the afternoon and we have made ten knots ever since. Not a sound is to be heard but the creak of the cordage, the rustle of the flag at half-mast and the ripple of the water at the vessel's side. Now and again a porpoise comes to the surface to breathe.

The bow lookout has curled himself up in an old stavsail. Antoine, the old Jersey sailor, stands at the wheel with eyes fixed intently on a single star by which he is directing the course. My thoughts follow my eyes as I look backward over the sea towards the gloomy cliffs of Anticosti—nature's only monument to the multitudes who from century to century have found their last resting place beneath the waters of the lower St. Lawrence.

RAIN AT POINTE DU CHENE

The rain falls on the beach,
Slanting in swift, bright drops,
Making a tumult on the bathing-house roof,
Painting the veranda floor with dark splotches.
It stipples the pale, dry sand
With pretty, dimpled tracks,
Then turns on it savagely,
Beats it into a smooth, hard floor
And dances on it in silvery columns
To its own percussion music.

The thunder jerks and tumbles across the sky.
The lightning cuts thin, sharp slits
Down to the dark water.
Boys and girls huddle on the veranda,
Shivering in wet suits.
The girls shake back their wet, short hair,
Peer into the drizzling curtain
Hanging over Shediak Cape
And the white church spire at Grande Digue,
Looking for some sign that the shower will be over.

A car pulls up near the bluffs
Where the sand-grass sprouts out
In stiff, salty bunches.
A couple stare through the windshield—
Stare drearily at the soggy beach, the sullen sky,
At the people waiting on the veranda.
The engine starts. The wheels spin in the sand
And they drive away.
The fat woman leads her little boy to the canteen.
They stand sucking greedily through straws
At bright orange-crush in heavy glasses.
The boys and girls nibble at chocolate bars
In crackling wrappers. 'Do you like nuts?
This one has nuts. I like creams.'

The rain holds up a little.

The sea is striped in the strange light—

Yellow, apple-green, blue-greens,

And out where it meets the sky

A band of rich, deep violet.

The tide creeps in, licking over the sand.

The thunder crashes again

But the lightning is only a yellowish smear.

The old proprietor puckers his leathery face,

Squinting at the weather.

'It ain't right to laugh when de t'under's square
overhead.

No, by God! But when she's over de h'island

Den ye can laugh.'

The gulls are a twinkle of silver on dark clouds.

A wild duck passes, flying low,

His long neck stretched, his stubby wings straining.

A dory comes round the point—

A red dory, scaly, smelling of old fish

Two fishermen in long boots trudge home for supper,

Leaving the boat rocking in shallow water.

The eaves drip-drip

In the trough they have worn in the sand.

The sky over the island shows a pale, lemon streak.

GRACE TOMKINSON



THE CRIME OF PUNISHMENT

SHACKLING THE TRANSGRESSOR: an Indictment of the Canadian Penal System, by Dr. O. C. J. Withrow (Thos. Nelson & Sons; pp. 256; \$2.00).

THIS book contains the substance of the articles by Dr. Withrow on his experiences in the Kingston Penitentiary which appeared in the *Toronto Globe* this summer and created a sensation in Ontario that has not yet subsided. It should be widely read throughout the whole of Canada. Presumably Kingston is very much like the rest of our penitentiaries; and the picture which Dr. Withrow gives of the life there is so horrible that if it does not shock us into action about our penal institutions, we must be the most insensitive people in the world. The picture is horrible because it is presented in a simple and straight-forward way. Dr. Withrow is not rhetorical and does not try to overwork our emotions. The attempts of public officials to answer his indictment have so far been singularly unconvincing; they have avoided his main points and have pretty clearly been deliberately misleading in some of the statements that they have made, so that their net achievement has been to confirm the public in its suspicions.

The ordinary outsider has, of course, no way of testing the truth of Dr. Withrow's statements. One can only record one's personal impression that they bear the marks of sincerity upon them. Certainly their whole tone is quite different from the cheap,

flashy sentimentalism of the released stockbroker who has been writing on the same subject in *Maclean's Magazine* and who gives the impression of a notoriety-loving poseur.

In Kingston, according to Dr. Withrow, the convicts live under a reign of terror. 'We tame lions here, we'll tame you.' He gives circumstantial accounts of the grosser forms of brutality, such as paddling and solitary confinement. But it is the day-to-day little things which leave the worst impression, the petty and arbitrary punishments for breaches of a rigid and stupid code, the mean tyranny of guards against whom the individual convict has no redress, the lack of all the amenities and most of the decencies of life. His accounts of what passes for a school and a library in the institution are appalling; and his description of the hospital in which he worked for a considerable time, and about which he can speak with expert knowledge, reveals a callousness and an ignorance in the care of the sick which reminds one of the worst days of the eighteenth century. Worst of all, these conditions prevail without any attempt of the higher officials to remedy them. Throughout the penitentiary there is an almost complete absence of the idea of studying and classifying the inmates and of treating them according to modern scientific standards as applied in the penal institutions of other countries. 'Most of the officers had no real interest in their work. They were simply warders, custodians of convicts, glad when the count was made, satisfied that no inmate had escaped and another day was done. Of the constructive principles of rehabilitation or reform they knew nothing and cared less'.

The most important part of Dr. Withrow's book comes in the last two chapters in which he sets forth his own ideas of reform. He demands a thorough public investigation by a Royal Commission which should survey the whole system of penal administration in Canada, including our police and judicial institutions. A properly formed Commission would probably advise such reforms as are already being tried in England or the United States; and to ensure that its recommendations are not quietly pigeon-holed, he advises the formation of a Canadian Howard society for prison reform. In the reformed system the personnel of administration is most important, and all elements of the militarism which at present dominates our penitentiaries must be swept away. Convicts must be studied by trained scientists and classified according to their mental condition. Education must be reorganized. Most important of all, after a prisoner has been found guilty in court, sentences should be imposed not by the judge but by a board of scientists who make an exhaustive study of the individual man and his case, and the length of sentence should be revised by a similar travelling board of experts who are constantly visiting and examining the prisons and prisoners.

Ideas such as these are a commonplace among modern students of penology. But they are unfamiliar in Canada and are probably entirely unknown in our Department of Justice. If Dr. Withrow's book not only shakes us out of our complacency about our criminal justice but leads us to study the best thought of other lands, we may yet achieve a system of penal administration in Canada which will not be a disgrace to our country.

FRANK H. UNDERHILL

Dr. Withrow's Book

A poignant, rousing account of a penitentiary from within, of prison life as it is lived in Canada—a tale that must rouse every Canadian citizen's ire at such injustice and brutality, and force a demand for immediate reform. Dr. Withrow concludes his book with an analysis of the whole system and a practical outline of what should be the basis of prison reform in Canada.

Shackling the Transgressor

With an Introduction
by Dr. C. M. Hincks,
of the National Committee
for Mental Hygiene.

\$2.00

Thomas Nelson & Sons, Limited
Toronto

ROMANCE AND DECADENCE

THE ROMANTIC AGONY, by Mario Praz, translated by Angus Davidson (Oxford University Press; pp. 454; \$7.50).

THIS able and interesting book will be best appreciated by desiccated scholars and hard-boiled amateurs, containing as it does a detailed and fully documented study of the varieties of erotic sensibility illustrated in the literature of the periods known as Romantic and Decadent. Dr. Praz does not pretend to give a full and complete account of Romanticism, but only of one of its most characteristic aspects, in respect of which he finds the literature of the nineteenth century appearing as 'a unique, clearly distinct whole, which the various formulas, such as romanticism, realism, decadence, etc., tend to disrupt'. No one, perhaps, will quarrel with his statement that in no other literary period has sex been so obviously the mainspring of works of the imagination; and the assemblage of the texts displays a convincing unity in the development and variations of the theme.

Such a discussion must inevitably border on psychology, but Dr. Praz has kept clearly in mind the distinction between a literary study, and a medico-scientific treatise. The recurrence of certain morbid themes is not invariably treated as an indication of a psychopathic state in the writers discussed:—

The genetic link is in this case provided by taste and fashion; literary sources are discussed, and not resemblances due to physiological causes, so that, side by side with writers of genuinely specialized sensibility are to be found others who give a mere superficial echo of certain themes. Again, this study has not even a remote connexion with the sociological study or the study of collective psychology, in which case it would have had to include documentations from police and assize reports, scientific or pseudo-scientific works, and anonymous or popular literary productions.

Furthermore, the study is confined, not only to one single aspect of the Romantic movement, of which the Decadent movement is only a development, but it is further confined to the three literatures that in this respect set the fashions, the English, the French, and the Italian, especially the two former. Nor are all the writers whose production falls within the stated period dealt with, but only those whose work is most relevant to the theme under discussion. This, while it would be a demerit in a work of broader and more ambitious scope, in a limited study makes rather for clarity and brevity.

The introduction is devoted to defining the sense in which the word romantic is used, with a brief history of the rise of the term. The first chapter, dealing with the rise of the theme of tainted beauty, beauty made more beautiful by its association with horror, gloom, sadness, even the disgusting, makes a clear and useful distinction between the use of such themes by seventeenth-century writers and by the romantics. Chapter two traces the development of the Fatal Man, the attractive and irresistible villain of Mrs. Radcliffe, Lewis, and Byron. From this develops the theme of the persecuted woman, with its morbid treatment in Chateaubriand and the Marquis de Sade. This current is carried on to Gautier, Flaubert, and Baudelaire, with whom the Fatal Man begins to give ground before the Fatal Woman. Chapter four takes up from the beginning the Fatal Woman theme, carrying it on to Swinburne,

Wilde, and D'Annunzio. The final chapter is devoted to the French and English Decadents, with an appendix on Swinburne and 'le vice anglais'.

A number of interesting results are made clear by this study, the close connection between exoticism and morbid eroticism, for example, and the immense part played by fashion and imitation. Probably no literature is more tedious, more narrowly bound by its own conventions, than the sadistic prose and verse through so many weary and monotonous leagues of which Dr. Praz must have waded to bring back and arrange for us this orderly collection of its strange flora. Yet his account is as far as possible from being tedious. The clearness of his vision, the sureness of his taste, his dry and mocking handling of the innumerable poseurs—for even the best of them had much of the poseur in them, saw indeed a particular merit and excellence in outrageous nature, even their own, as they perceived it—all this maintains the interest, and keeps the ordinary reader from being lulled to sleep by sheer monotony, as he undoubtedly would be if he attempted to struggle through all the originals; for often a second-rate writer like Wilde, or Sue, or Poe, is of considerable importance for the illustration of a trend.

As a guide and help through the wilderness of nineteenth century literature, this book, the first systematic treatment of the subject, is of the highest value for the serious student, all the more because Dr. Praz has 'preferred to leave the reader to form, from this exposition of the subject, his own comprehensive judgement upon the period, rather than formulate it at the end of the book in a stiff-jointed conclusion which he might have suspected to be the result of a pre-conceived thesis'.

L. A. MacKAY

RACIAL SUPERIORITY

THE FRENCH RACE. Theories of its origins and their social and political implications prior to the Revolution, by Jacques Barzun (Columbia University Press; pp. 275; \$4.25).

THE theory of the superiority of the Northern ('Nordic'—barbarous word!) over the Latin ('Mediterranean') races, discovered, proclaimed and prosecuted in the nineteenth century by certain 'Nordics' with so much morgue, was formulated first by a Latin in the second century A.D. It is easily shown that every later form of the theory was 'originated in Latin countries by Latin writers'. But if, as Guizot said, Tacitus conceived this theory in a fit of ill-humour against his country, the same may be said, in a more or less modified form, about every French historian from the Renaissance to the Revolution who discussed the question of the origins of his race. About that question waged to and fro the long class war. The nobles could not tolerate descent from the allegedly conquered races—they preferred Gothic blue blood to Roman red—any more than the average citizen would accept the parentage of the barbarian Frank. So the dispute was handed on from one generation to another, between apologists of one theory or the other, or rather between adherents of one class or the other.

It was only from time to time that someone like Pasquier and Bodin in the sixteenth century or Fréret and Voltaire in the eighteenth could lift himself above the local demand and give a common-

sense account of the situation, while acknowledging that the documents available did not warrant cut and dried conclusions. The first really incisive word on the matter was uttered by Voltaire. Most of his predecessors, except in so far as they record the events and customs of their time, are thoroughly unreadable because of their tendency to fabulosity. But Voltaire, his sense of reality being always alive, cut like a knife here as elsewhere through passion, prejudice, and pretence, likening historians to theologians in their love of fiction.

It is superb irony that the much vaunted superiority of the Northern races should have been an invention of the Latin mind, and the irony only grows in force with the realization that the idea was conceived and developed as a weapon of class warfare, playing under the monarchy, before the birth of capitalism and political parties, the role of such present-day questions as the tariff or inflation or bi-metallism. Hotman's use of the idea in the sixteenth century is as clearly conditioned by the religious struggle as Montesquieu's solution of it in the eighteenth is conditioned by the sentimental attitude of his contemporaries towards the noble savage. Perhaps Dr. Barzun's historical demonstration casts an ironical light, too, on the writing of history. Is the Marxist right when he maintains that human events are only to be viewed as a function of the war of class? And in history do we pay too much attention, as in biology and psychology, to points of departure and too little to points of arrival? Should we write history backwards? In any case the apparently recondite question of the importance of 'Nordic' superiority in French historical writing prior to the Revolution is a plain indicator of the developing strength of self-consciousness in the Third Estate.

It might have relieved the scholarly severity of Dr. Barzun's argument as well as the rigidity of his style if he had revealed a more quickened consciousness of the wider implications of his thesis. There are a few misprints, some bad translations, and some poor English which can not be referred to in detail here. As an example *L'Esprit des lois* should not be rendered 'The Spirit of the Laws'. Notice should be taken of irregularities in an otherwise very valuable bibliography. Seyssel's *Grant Monarchie* appeared in 1519, not in 1518 or 1557; Bodin's *Methodus* in 1566; Pasquier's *Recherches* in 1621. It would seem better practice in a study of this kind to give the date of first publication rather than that of the last edition, if only one edition is mentioned.

J. S. WILL



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TORONTO

NATIONALISM IN MINIATURE

IN THE MARGIN OF HISTORY, by Sir Harry Luke (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 270; 40 illustrations; 12 maps; \$3.75).

THE many readers whose interest in history is amusement rather than instruction, will find in Sir Harry Luke's latest book a wealth of interest. It is full of odd details of information of the best, that is to say, the totally useless kind, chosen with an unerring eye for the quaint and the picturesque, and recounted with easy and vivid brevity. This volume deals mainly with Europe and the Near East, and moves in time from the thirteenth century to the present day.

The chapter from which the book takes its name tells of half a dozen attempts by adventurers of the nineteenth century to set up independent kingdoms, as did the Rajah of Sarawak, in various out-of-the-way corners of the globe. Frenchmen seem to have been particularly addicted, as they were in the Middle Ages, to this form of adventurous exploit, but the success that once attended them in England, Sicily, Greece, and Palestine no longer crowned their efforts in these sordid days. Still, between 1860, when Antony Orllie de Tounens declared himself Prince of Araucania, and the proclamation of Louis I, King of Transcaucasia-Vitanvali, in 1921, such attempts were made with more or less success in Counani, south of French Guiana, among the Sedangs of Indo-China, and in the Sahara. A similar attempt was made by a young American (but of French education), James Aloysius Harden-Hickey,

to establish a principality in the Island of Trinidad, not the large one, but a small one east of Brazil.

From this subject Sir Harry Duke naturally enough goes on to discuss such Freaks of Freedom as San Marino, Andorra, Monaco, Liechtenstein, and the late district of Moresnet, on the borders of Belgium, and Europe's last Grand Duchy, Luxemburg. It will be news to most people that for some three hundred years there actually was a kingdom of Yvetot, with the right of coinage and final legal jurisdiction, perhaps the smallest unit ever to have sustained the kingly title. As late as 1711 its prince protested, though unsuccessfully, against paying a tax raised in the rest of France for the protection of the frontiers; the same prince, when the Dauphin indignantly asked by what right he was displaying his, the Dauphin's arms, replied, and justly, 'Tell Monseigneur that it is not I who am bearing his arms, but he who is bearing mine.' The Revolution, however, was a less placable opponent, and the Kingdom of Yvetot came to an end in 1789, leaving few traces; and even these have been almost obliterated by its Norman inhabitants.

Not less interesting is the chapter on New States and Old in Dalmatia; Albania, Montenegro, the country that kept its freedom through centuries of war only to lose it in the late peace, the former Republic of Ragusa, Spalato, with its inn where the menu is in Latin, the former Republic of Poljica, the Commune of Turopolje, where every man, woman and child of its population of 13,000 is of noble birth. There is a chapter on the mysterious Kaspar Hauser, on the mystery-play of Salzburg, on Some Visitors from the East to the Plantagenet and Lancastrian Kings, on Aqaba, where four countries meet, on a Restoration Naval Chaplain in the Mediterranean, giving copious extracts from the diary of the Reverend Henry Teonge. An extremely diversified and very fascinating book, written in a clear, direct, concise, and unpretentious style.

L. A. MacKAY

THE UNDAUNTED LOVER

LETTERS OF COURTSHIP BETWEEN JOHN AND MARIA JACKSON, edited by E. F. Carritt (Oxford University Press; pp. 289; \$2.25).

JOHN SMALE TORR, a young Devonshire lawyer with a passion for fishing and for a dog that picked greengages off the tree and ate them, formed, apparently about the age of sixteen, a strong attachment for his cousin, Maria Germon Jackson, some three years older than himself, during a holiday she spent in Devon. A few letters of their schooldays have been preserved, but the correspondence seems to have been allowed to drop for some time. Suddenly, without warning, in November of 1838, John Torr, then a young man of twenty going up to London to complete his law studies, wrote his cousin an elaborate and respectful letter disclosing to her that she had ever been the object of his earliest affections, occupying his mind to the exclusion of every other object from anything above mere ordinary regard, and begging for such intimation as would permit him to ascertain at once the propriety either of cherishing or of banishing these sentiments.

Considerably surprised, Maria replied at once that though gratefully sensible of his kindness, she had never entertained more than a friendly remem-

brance of him, and though feeling more reluctance to destroy the hopes of a first attachment than in refusing the addresses of several very estimable young men (more, her dear parents said, than fall to the lot of most young women) yet, in consideration of the difference in their ages, the uncertainty of his financial position, his inexperience of the world, and the difference in their religious sentiments (she was a Tory and an Anglican, he a Radical and a Dissenter) she was reluctant to hold forth any hopes of a union into which she had determined never to enter except from motives of the purest regard.

The undaunted John, with true Devon confidence and persistence, while protesting the unalterable constancy of his regard, professed himself content for the time with the assurance that no previous attachment rendered his suit hopeless; though it would be too forward and presumptuous in him to tender anything amounting to a *present* offer, or to seek any promise from her, yet he cannot abandon the hope that in time the esteem may become mutual, and that he may enjoy the inestimable favour of her affections; as to the objections she raises, he can see in them no permanent obstacle.

Closer acquaintance in London, where John became a clerk in the office of Tilson, Squance, and Tilson, served to confirm his attachment, and to rouse in her feelings of warm friendship that by the time of her journey to Germany the following summer, had reached almost the avowal of a dearer interest, though she regretfully felt herself compelled to dissuade him from a project of visiting her there, in company with her father. By the end of the year, the attachment, though still concealed with some difficulty from disapproving relatives, was mutual. They met at her parents' house, and occasionally attended church, the theatre, or lectures at the London Institute together, but it was difficult to find any occasion to be together alone. Letters had often to be delivered in a clandestine manner, which distressed her, and there are notes that point to stolen walks. By the close of 1841, however, John was an accepted suitor, and the letters from that time till the marriage in September, 1843, are fewer and shorter.

Except for a tendency to colds, and a time that he jumped over a heap of snow and fell on his head, John's health was good; but Maria, who had never been very strong, died in 1846, in giving birth to her second child. Written with no thought of publication, and faithfully edited, the letters, especially Maria's, form a charming account of the private life and feelings of decent, uneventful folk of their class and time: 'one of the most charming young women who ever wrote letters'.

JOHN SMALLACOMBE



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SHORT NOTICES

PAPERS AND PROCEEDINGS OF THE CANADIAN POLITICAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION (Volume 5; pp. 259; \$3.00).

This annual volume of papers by economists and political scientists in our Canadian Universities, permanent officials of the Dominion government, and occasional business men, contains the best discussion of Canadian questions that is available. The subject matter of the discussions at the annual meetings of the Association varies from year to year; but the five volumes which have so far been issued provide a mass of material for public education which is unrivalled. This year Prof. Stephen Leacock leads off with a destructive analysis of orthodox economics which seems to be carrying him straight to conclusions that would be highly unpopular in Montreal; but at the critical moment he follows the example of his own hero, and, leaping upon his trusty steed, gallops off furiously in all directions. Prof. E. J. Urwick, in his presidential address, analyses the conception of freedom in an argument which would be very comforting to all Tories and timid liberals who are alarmed at the present-day demands for freedom if it were not much too subtle for them to understand. Prof. A. Brady contributes an acute discussion of the project of an economic council for Canada as a method of emancipating government from 'the competing pressure of regional groups'. Prof. D. C. Creighton applies the economic interpretation of history in a brilliant essay upon the Montreal merchants and Lord Durham's Report. Two lawyers, Profs. F. R. Scott and A. Corry, discuss respectively the present state of freedom of speech in Canada and the growth of administrative law in recent years in this country. Of all the papers in the volume these two seem specially worthy of being brought to the attention of our public men whose remarks upon these two particular subjects are wont to be extraordinarily misleading and fatuous. There are other papers upon agricultural and financial problems. Finally the volume concludes with a perfect gem by the Secretary of the Canadian Bank of Commerce on the work of the banks in Canada. One hundred years from now some economic historian, toiling in the national archives, will unearth this exposition along with Mr. Jackson Dodds' Winnipeg speech, and he will make his contemporaries roar with laughter.

F. H. U.

THE SPANISH CONSTITUTION, by H. R. G. Greaves (Day to Day Pamphlets, No. 15; Hogarth Press—Longmans, Green; pp. 47; 1/6).

This pamphlet gives a short account of the Spanish Revolution of 1931, the origins of the constitution, and the principal provisions of the constitution itself. The merely liberal and hence, from the socialist point of view, transitional nature of the new regime is made clear at the outset. Spain has apparently rounded out the parliamentary democracy that her people have been striving to attain since the beginning of the 19th century. All the well-known symptoms of political liberty are found in the articles of the 1931 constitution: universal suffrage (including women, for the first time in any Latin country), responsibility of the Cabinet, independent judges, freedom of speech and association, etc. The freeing of education from the stranglehold of the church and the destruction of most of the privileges of the nobility leaves the way open for the application of the theories of social democracy. The question that now remains is whether or not Spain will be able to solve the problems of economic security and the maldistribution of wealth within the framework of this new constitutional structure.

Mr. Greaves' study serves as a good introduction to his subject. It is a pity he does not actually print the text of the constitution. The portions of it which he singles out for comment are, after all, selected according to the author's conception of what is significant. The reader would feel more satisfied if he were able to form some conclusions for himself.

F. R. S.

SOUVENIRS OF FRANCE, by Rudyard Kipling (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 59; \$.85).

As the title implies, this little book is a loosely connected series of anecdotes and judgements about France; it has the charming and casual drift of the conversation of an old man with wide and varied experience, with mellow sympathies but strongly-held opinions, a wealth of vivid memories, and the gift of clear, direct, and amusing narration.

It has been said, with a good deal of truth, that an Englishman may admire other countries, but only two can he really love, France and Italy. Mr. Kipling suggests that Hate is even more observant than love; and perhaps another lover of France is hardly the

proper person to say that he has well expressed, within the limits of his own strongly-marked prejudices, the abiding virtues of France, though he shirks their equally abiding disagreeable qualities.

Yet the book does not claim to be a complete and formal account of the French character, country, and nation; it is a grateful recollection of the happier traits of friends, the sunnier moments of companionship. A very pleasant and likeable book, the product of a character with whom we may utterly disagree on certain points, but whom we are bound to respect and like. The uncensored private conversation of Mr. Kipling must be one of the world's better experiences.

True to his old technique, the book does not end—indeed it barely begins—without hinting at even better stories than any it contains. Surely we may hope some time to hear the whole tale of 'the Lady of Bordeaux who, dressed almost entirely in one hat, lectured the two embarrassed gendarmes (Do you know that the Bordelais can blush?) and the unembarrassed cab-driver'.

J. S.

THE CANADIAN FARMER AND THE MACHINE AGE, by W. M. Drummond.

THE CANADIAN WAGE EARNER IN THE MACHINE AGE, by D. G. MacGregor.

THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION IN CANADA, by Miss I. M. Biss (Nos. 1, 2 and 3 in the Machine Age Series; pamphlets published by the Social Service Council of Canada, 37 Bloor St. W., Toronto; 10 cents each).

THE RIGHT TO WORK AND AN INCOME, by J. C. Wilson (Witness Press, Montreal; pp. 24; 15 cents).

THE NEW CANADA, by Edwin E. H. Hugli (Published by the author at 356A Kingswood Road, Toronto; pp. 53; 50 cents).

The ferment of the times in which we live has produced a stream of pamphleteering even in our own placid country. The first three pamphlets on this list belong to a series which is being issued from time to time by the Social Service Council. They are by members of the Economics staff in the University of Toronto, and present a very readable survey of the effects in Canada of the industrialism of the twentieth century. Mr. Wilson's pamphlet is a well written denunciation of the barbarism of our institutions which compels unemployment and starvation in an age of plenty. Mr. Hugli calls his pamphlet 'an engineer's plans and specifications for a new economic structure for Canada'. He sweeps away all

our old institutions and sets up his own form of a socialist Utopia. A good many of the institutions seem to reappear under new names, but the mechanism for determining prices and wages is certainly original. He has so many councils that one becomes more and more bewildered as one goes on. If I am an average citizen then his plan fails to measure up to the 39th of the fundamental principles which he enunciates on page 9: 'The economic system of the country should be simple enough for the average citizen to understand.'

F. H. U.

ORPHEE, by Jean Cocteau, translated by Carl Wildman (Oxford University Press; pp. 43; \$2.25).

Mr. Wildman has done an exceptionally fine piece of work in this translation. The traps laid by plays on words have been avoided with masterly agility; the play reads as if it might have been written originally in English; the translation, made expressly for the theatre, provides lines that will give the actor no difficulty, and the audience no more difficulty than the original.

That, however, is plenty. Mr. Cocteau, when he chooses to play the fool, has an amazing fertility and variety of invention, rather in the Lewis Carroll vein; but when his exceptional talent for leg-pulling gets mixed up with something that seems vaguely to have a more serious implication, the pedestrian wits of most readers are likely to stumble and lag sadly out of step. Boggled to the knees, in what seemed full daylight, they scramble out somewhat resentfully the nearest way, leaving him to go will-o'-the-wisping off by himself at unpredictable angles to an improbable goal.

Orphée may, as M. Bidou suggests, be a meditation on death; it may be a meditation on the true nature of literary inspiration, on varieties of religious experience, on how to be happy though married; it may be a fantasy of stage tricks and optical illusions, draped rather inconsequentially in dialogue, with a few touches of mild satire. Or it may be all these things at once, a sort of theatrical hash. Anyone that is willing to pay two dollars and a quarter for it has certainly purchased the right to form his own opinion; though only those that have an extremely theatrical imagination and a good deal of theatrical experience will care to make a final judgement without seeing an actual performance.

The book contains an appropriate frontispiece by Picasso, in his blur and

smear manner, whose decipherment and appreciation might while away many a long winter evening.

L. A. M.

THE CHRISTIAN RENAISSANCE, by G. Wilson Knight (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 374; \$3.50).

In this book Professor Knight continues his investigations into the nature of poetic symbolism. He applies his theory of 'themes' to the New Testament, to Shakespeare, Dante, Goethe, and T. S. Eliot. There are, in addition, chapters on Immortality, Eros, The Eternal Triangle, and the Sacred Birth. Professor Knight takes the ground from under his critics by prophesying in advance that he will be misunderstood and misinterpreted. Under the circumstances one can do little more than point out the wide field which he covers in the present volume and the mystical character of his criticism. At times he has an unfortunate tendency to dress up a simple and commonly accepted notion in fancy language, giving the impression that he has said something startlingly new and profound. Thus his elaborate defence of the imagination against arid intellectualism seems quite unnecessary, as everyone nowadays admits that imagination is essential in every branch of mental activity. The same criticism must be levelled against his remarks on art and morality (pp. 40 ff). His illustration of the idea of Immortality by geometric diagrams (pp. 256 ff) is quaint, to say the least. Finally his diction is often picturesque but not especially illuminating. Thus it is pretty to read that a Tolstoyan novel is like a distant range of hills, rhythmic contours switch-backing against the sky, but does this tell much about the Tolstoyan novel? There is much evidence that the book is afflicted with the twentieth century malady of hasty composition.

H. S.

MODERN MECHANIZATION AND ITS EFFECTS UPON THE STRUCTURE OF SOCIETY, by Sir Arthur Salter—being the second Massey lecture delivered before McGill University, April 18th, 1933 (Oxford University Press; pp. 42; 35 cents).

Sir Arthur Salter has been one of the inspired administrators of our day. As a result of his experiences in dealing with allied shipping during the war he wrote a book on Allied Shipping Control which is one of the most original and suggestive discussions of international relations that we have. After his years at Geneva he wrote his much

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better known *Recovery* which contains a perfect distillation of the English liberal wisdom that everybody praises but nobody practices, and which future historians will no doubt signalize as the swan-song of English Liberalism in this world. Since then he has been repeating himself before audiences in England and America, and if he is to save his soul he should probably plunge into administration again. This lecture does not often rise above the commonplace, but it is mildly interesting throughout. There is one passage in it which may be commended to Messrs. King and Daffoe and to other Canadian admirers of nineteenth-century institutions. 'I believe that it will be necessary for Parliaments unspecialized in economic problems to delegate many of their present functions to the Executive. . . . If representative government is to preserve the essentials it must probably be prepared to relinquish the unessentials. . . . The right to draft the detailed clauses of laws or to exercise pressure on the details of administration is among the unessentials, and the insistence upon its exercise may make the whole machine of government unworkable under modern conditions.'

F. H. U.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The listing of a book in this column does not preclude a more extended notice in this or subsequent issues.

CANADIAN

LA FEMME ET LA CIVILIZATION, by Henriette Tassé (H. Tassé; pp. 109).

DE TOUT UN PEU, by Henriette Tassé (H. Tassé; pp. 120).

THE LIFE OF ROBERT BALDWIN, by George E. Wilson (Ryerson Press; pp. vii, 312; \$2.50).

THE CANADA YEAR BOOK, 1933 (Dominion Bureau of Statistics; pp. xxxiv, 1146).

COLOURED SAND, by Alice Harper (Lion's Gate Publishing Co.; pp. 31).

GENERAL

NATIVE EDUCATION, by H. A. Wyndham (Oxford University Press; pp. x, 263; \$3.25).

ORPHEE, by Jean Cocteau (Oxford University Press; pp. xi, 43; \$2.25).

THE ROMANTIC AGONY, by Mario Praz (Oxford University Press; pp. xvii, 454; \$7.50).

SOUVENIRS OF FRANCE, by Rudyard Kipling (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 59; \$0.85).

THE OLD MAN DIES, by Elizabeth Sprigge (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 349; \$2.50).

CAUSALITY, by L. Silberstein (Macmillans in Canada; pp. viii, 159; \$1.35).

THE ECONOMICS OF IMPERFECT COMPETITION, by Joan Robinson (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xii, 352; \$5.50).

PHILOSOPHERS ON HOLIDAY, by Archibald Robertson (Scholaris Press; pp. 183; 5/-).

THE MUSIC OF GROWTH, by Collum (Scholaris Press; pp. 175; 3/6).

A JUNIOR HISTORY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE OVERSEA, by A. P. Newton (Blackie; pp. x, 286; 2/-).

EASTERN PHILOSOPHY FOR WESTERN MINDS, by Hamish McLaurin (Stratford; pp. xii, 282; \$2.50).

THE LETTERS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, 1815-1817; Edited by H. J. C. Grierson (Macmillans in Canada; Vol. IV; pp. iv, 544; \$5.50).

THE NATURE, CLASSIFICATIONS AND PRINCIPLES OF PUBLIC REVENUE AND EXPENDITURE, by J. K. Mehta (The Indian Press; pp. 58).

THAT IMMORTAL SEA, by Clifford Bax (Macmillans in Canada; pp. vi, 248; \$2.25).

INLAND FAR, by Clifford Bax (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 343; \$2.25).

THE MASTER OF JALNA, by Mazo de la Roche (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 331; \$2.00).

IN THE MARGIN OF HISTORY, by Sir Harry Luke (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 270; \$3.75).

LETTERS OF COURTSHIP BETWEEN JOHN TORR AND MARIA JACKSON, edited by E. F. Carritt (Oxford University Press; pp. 289; \$2.25).

WONDER HERO, by J. B. Priestley (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 321; \$2.50).

EYES OF THE WILDERNESS, by Charles G. D. Roberts (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 269; \$2.50).

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME, by H. G. Wells (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 431; \$2.75).

their own choosing or making. They must accept conditions as they are—for they have not even the right to vote for a change or as a protest against their unhappy condition. Their lot can be said to be doubly hard. There are thousands of boys and girls today in Canada—a land of tremendous natural resources, a land of immense potentialities and possibilities, a land of so many fertile acres and so few people to work them—and a land, of course, of sound banks, financial institutions, and conservative governments—yes, in this great country there are thousands of boys and girls who not only have they no jobs or positions, but have no hope of ever having them—no hope of ever living decent, happy, natural, and contented lives. There are thousands of youngsters who are attending public and high schools today who have not the faintest idea of what their future careers or prospects will be. There are graduates of schools and colleges who feel hopeless, helpless, and despairing. Here is what one graduate of high school thinks. 'If there was any guarantee that things would be better when I completed a course at the university, I would go back to school without hesitation, but there are so many graduating from the universities now without anything to do when they come out that I can't decide just what is the best thing to do.' At least this person comes from a comfortable home and has no worries regarding bread and butter, although even at that his position is unenviable. Consider the young men and women who do not know what trade or profession to follow—for none extend any hope of a livelihood or future. There are people, too, who cannot even afford to send their children to high school—if for no other reason than to keep them occupied and out of mischief.

Consider, too, the position of those who not only cannot go to school, but cannot even remain at home because their parents can hardly feed themselves let alone their grown sons. Thousands of boys are forced to leave their homes, because of the distressed economic positions of these homes, to become bums and hobos, catching freight cars, and starving themselves across the country, wandering from one province, from one town or city to another haphazardly, hopelessly, and dispiritedly. These boys are forced to seek shelter in old barns, in old holes, or even in police stations when it rains at night. They have to lie to the authorities and say that they walked all the



OUR FUTURE CITIZENS

The Editor, *THE CANADIAN FORUM*.
Sir.

While the depression is causing much misery, distress, and suffering to a great many types and classes of people, no one can be pitied more than the youth of this and other countries. For the adults and parents, at least this can be said: to a certain extent they have lived, and enjoyed the fruits of life as well as its sorrows. If today they suffer starvation in the midst of plenty, if they go bare-footed and naked while clothes are rotting in the warehouses, at least they can, to a small measure, blame themselves. They might have speculated less, they could have been less extravagant, and have saved a little in times of prosperity to tide them over the depression, but more than anything else they could have taken a more

active and sensible interest and participation in the government of their country. In jealously safeguarding, and looking after their political, social, and economic rights they might have saved a few of the privileges rightfully belonging to them, instead of permitting all the spoils to go to a small minority of the population, under conditions which add so much distress to the people of Canada. It can, therefore, be truthfully said, that what the men and women of Canada have sowed so to a certain extent they deserve what they are reaping. And even today, the majority of people are still in an apathetic state, for the depression has not yet been severe enough to knock any sense into their heads.

With the youth of this country, however, the matter is an altogether different one. They have been brought up into a world and environment not of

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way from Montreal to Edmonton. If they told the truth—that they rode the freights—they would be brought up before a magistrate for stealing rides.

It certainly does not seem as if the future citizen of Canada is going to be an upright, straightforward type of person. Instead, it appears as if he is going to be a type, broken in health physically, mentally, and spiritually—hating work, and men. He will be the type who with neither backbone or morale, with neither education or a finer appreciation, will do no good to himself or to his country.

While the youth are suffering, the parents of these unfortunate children must be despairing indeed. They brought these children into this world, yet look what is becoming of them—thieves, bums, hobos, good-for-nothings. Of course, it is fortunate that R. B. Bennett and W. L. M. King, Sir H. Holt and Beatty have no children, but even if they had they couldn't realize what a dark and despairing future lies before the majority of the youth of Canada—the future citizens of this country. The situation, no matter how one looks at it, is gloomy indeed, but it is hardly possible to expect any alleviation from our present governments who are doing nothing for the coming generation, except to cut education appropriations to help balance their budgets.

What is the answer to this pressing problem? What is going to happen to the young people of this country? Can you think of a solution to this problem? I can't.

Yours, etc.,

S. J. HARDIN

Edmonton, Alta.

THE WORKERS' THEATRE

The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:

Mr. Archibald Key, late of the *Drumheller Mail*, has contributed an interesting but Utopian essay to your issue of September, under the title, 'The Theatre on Wheels', in which he attempts to bolster up his hope that the Little Theatre movement is again on the make 'in Canada, as in other countries' (sic).

Of course, the readers of your journal, being normal human beings, probably realize just as well as I do that the artificial stimulus given to this movement by His Excellency, the Governor-General, is no sign of health, no sign of life—quite the reverse. I shall not strain this point, because it is easy to see in

Mr. Key's article how the wish gives birth to the thought.

It is interesting to note, however, that Mr. Key, in his effort to hew a line for the theatre of his dreams, has come very close to describing a new theatre which is actually springing up all over Canada; a theatre which does not depend on Broadway, nor on London, nor on the Dennison Company for its inspiration. I refer to the Workers' Theatre.

Except for the fact that the September issues of *Masses* and *THE CANADIAN FORUM* were out on about the same day, Mr. Key might have received his inspiration from reports of two tours undertaken this summer by the Workers' Theatre groups of Toronto, and several others being planned this fall by the Toronto and Winnipeg groups.

Here is the new Canadian dramatic movement in very truth. A drama rooted in the lives and struggles of the toilers of Canada's shops, mines, farms, and slave-camps. Plays written in the heat of life by the same workers. Mass recitations and plays presented by worker-actors who understand what they are doing because they can live the very parts they take.

Believe me, Mr. Editor, there is no George French nor Dennison Company tripe put on by these groups. Life to these Canadians is too serious to worry about polite bedroom scandals, or the ridiculous cavortings of a flat-footed detective in pursuit of *The Black Ace*.

'The Theatre on Wheels' it is indeed. When six actors and a solitary suitcase, containing all the properties and costumes needed for seven plays, pack themselves into a small roadster for a tour, they cannot depend very much on the elaborate fakery that has been

built up by the capitalist stage to fool tired people into believing they are seeing a real play.

No indeed, the play itself must be so strong that it grasps the very guts of the life of the audience. This must be the key to the growth of a Canadian National Stage. We must learn to recapture the secret of Shakespeare and the Elizabethans; we must make the very audience a part of the company of actors.

This is what the Workers' Theatre is beginning to do; not so well as it should yet, but still a beginning. This is what the Little Theatre can never do and why it must remain for ever sterile.

No, if Mr. Key really wants to be associated with the growing, living, pulsating stage in Canada today, he must not pin his hopes on the 'Dramateur' movement, if this means following the bankrupt line of the Little Theatres. He should, on the other hand, see what he can do to help the miners of the Drumheller valley establish their own Workers' Theatre group. There is plenty of room in the mining fields of the West to have a permanent group of this kind with a theatre of its own for experimental work.

In your notes on contributors, you credit Mr. Key with being opposed to the Alberta coal operators. Here is a chance for such a man, interested in the stage, a writer of several plays, to not only show his opposition to these murderous operators, but to translate this into action.

What about it, Mr. Key?

Yours, etc.,

E. CECIL-SMITH

Toronto

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THERE IS NO ENTRY FEE FOR THIS CONTEST, and the only requirements are that a special entry form must be obtained, either from your nearest bookseller or from the Everyman Contest Editor, care J. M. Dent & Sons, Limited, 224 Bloor Street West, Toronto 5, Ontario. In writing, you may ask for as many forms as you or your friends may require.

All entry forms must be in our hands by midnight, on Monday, October 30th, i.e., sent to the Everyman Contest Editor at the address given above, with the answers filled in. The judging will be done immediately and the names of the winners announced as soon as possible after the above date.

If there should be more than the required number of entirely correct answers, the winners will be drawn from those who have every question correct.

1. What well-known Englishman has left us a record to the effect that he had his wife's old gowns cut into sumptuous waistcoats for himself?
2. What was Voltaire's real name?
3. What English King condemned gambling because his subjects preferred such peaceful games to the noble sport of war?
4. What well-known German writer said that the Christian ideal of meekness arose from the slave population of Rome and therefore turned anti-Christ?
5. Who was the modern French painter who, in his attempt to combine classical form with the light and colour of the impressionists, unwittingly exercised an influence on lesser artists that has thrown a great deal of modern art into a chaotic state?
6. What musician invented the modern scheme of fingering for the piano?
7. Why was lime juice made part of the store of food stuffs of every British man-o-war in 1795?
8. What is the colour of the middle strip of the Yugo-Slavian flag?
9. What great English writer endured 33 years of slavery as a clerk in India House and devoted his life to the care of his half-mad sister?
10. Who invented basket-ball?
11. Why should particular care be taken to prevent a stew from boiling?
12. What was the name of the charitable fund originated by Sir Francis Drake and Sir John Hawkins to assist sick and wounded seamen?
13. What essentially Christian community practiced free love as part of its religious doctrine for almost one-third of a century?
14. What kind of fine leather is made from goat skins, tanned by the action of sumach, and glazed with a solution of blood and milk?
15. In what year did General Smuts claim that the British Empire was the first instalment of a Greater League of Nations?
16. What is meant by the term "make-ready" when used in connection with printing?
17. Of what was the "lettre de foir" the forerunner, in the modern economic system?
18. In a modern watch, how is the expansion or contraction of a balance wheel, due to temperature changes, taken care of to preserve freedom from change in size?
19. Would a submarine at the bottom of the sea be able to receive radio messages?
20. How is "echo-sounding" used to find the depth of water in modern navigation?
21. Why were farthings discoloured before being issued to the public for use in England in 1897?
22. Where is dancing held as a regular ceremonial before a high altar in a Christian cathedral?
23. What kind of boat may be capsized and righted again by its occupant without him changing his position?
24. What is the meaning of "Chatelaine"?
25. What important chemical precipitate, used in making cheese, is obtained from the mucous membrane of the fourth stomach of a milk-fed calf?
26. At what age did Beethoven publish his first musical composition?
27. Which Pope commissioned Michael Angelo Buonarroti to paint the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel?
28. At what period of history is it first known that India had an export trade in a substance manufactured from various varieties of Gossypium?
29. What bird usually deposits its eggs on a bed of fish-bones?
30. Who first used the decaying bodies of dead animals for poison gas in regular warfare?
31. What is the difference between an apothecary and a pharmaceutical chemist?
32. Where are kites, which moan in the wind, flown over the houses at night to keep away evil spirits?
33. What is an electrophorus?
34. What is an intaglio plate as made by an engraver?
35. What kind of stone coffin was supposed to consume the corpse interred in it within forty days?
36. Due to what predominating factor has modern architecture departed so radically from its antecedents?
37. Where was there a palace, built at least 2,000 years B.C., which had a modern system of drainage, washing appliances, and lavatories?
38. What is the chemical action of diastase in the manufacture of beer?
39. Who was the dog who stood on guard by his masters for 300 years without moving, eating, drinking, or sleeping, and whom Mahomet admitted into paradise?
40. What is the solfataric stage of a volcano?

